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CHICAGO
The Balance of Peace

By Norman Gibbs

From the United States to Cuba

By Joan Robinson

Inflation and Economic Growth

By Andrew Shonfield

Oscar Wilde: Socialist Aesthete

By A. E. Dyson

Conspiring to Corrupt

By Glanville Williams

English Poetry Today

By Bernard Bergonzi

Janáček without Words

By Gerald Abraham

The Mermaid of Zennor

A ballad by Vernon Watkins

*Art, Book Reviews, Bridge, Crossword,
Gardening*



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Challenge of Our Time

The Balance of Peace

By NORMAN GIBBS

TO talk of a 'balance of peace' implies a sense of precariousness—of danger that the balance might be upset. A great many of us have this feeling nowadays; we are conscious of an ever-present threat of world conflict which could bring unparalleled disaster to the whole of mankind.

But I must make one thing clear at the start. Weapons, even the worst of them, are not—as I see it—the chief threat to continued peace. Even nuclear weapons, however much they may have increased our fears and rivalries, are subsidiary in importance to the political divisions that split the world. Indeed, I would go further and argue that these ideological differences have encouraged the arms race even more than did the purely national rivalries of, say, fifty years ago. In fact, the primary danger to our precarious balance of peace lies in the fears, and even perhaps the hopes, engendered by the division between the so-called capitalist and communist states, coupled with the possible exploitation of that division either in or by the uncommitted or neutralist world. The second danger to peace lies in the apparatus by which these rivalries are daily expressed. The use of mass media, above all the publicity given to events by press and radio, is so ubiquitous and unceasing that every small regional crisis becomes the focus of attention of the world as a whole. Under this continuous strain, tempers—both national and individual—become uncertain, and judgment suffers.

So I would rate the arms race of the last ten or twelve years as only third in order of importance as a cause of fear and unrest. As always, armaments—even nuclear ones—arise from political rivalries, however much, once in being, they exacerbate them. Let me illustrate this. For a long time the Russians have opposed various Western schemes for inspection as a means of

ensuring control of, for example, nuclear tests. Recently the Russians have themselves proposed, in their so-called 'troika' scheme, a three-man administrative council in charge of control, and the Western nations have, in their turn, met it with opposition. In each case the resistance of one side to the proposals of the other has surely been based upon distrust of motive, not upon technical reasons arising from the weapons themselves. The Russians distrust the presence of virtually independent foreigners on Russian territory. The representatives of the West distrust Russia's three-man control suggestion because they suspect that the Communist representative would destroy its usefulness by vetoing important recommendations. Distrust like that is symbolic of the fact that the whole atmosphere of disarmament is vitiated by political differences which are intensified by, but do not initially arise from, arms programmes.

In all this I am not arguing that the vast armaments of the major Powers have nothing to do with our present trouble. Of course they have. But it is important to get our order of priorities right. The present rivalries were in being before the first atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima; and the West decided to ally itself in opposition to communism some years before Russia was a nuclear power.

Indeed, the current thinking of many people in the West, and apparently of many in Russia as well, is that the possession of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons by both sides stabilizes and preserves peace rather than otherwise. This is the theory of deterrence—the argument that the damage which can be done is so great that civilized communities could not take such punishment and survive. One multimegaton weapon has an explosive force many times greater than that of the total bomb load dropped by the Allies on Germany throughout the whole of the second

world war. If a situation exists in which both sides possess the ability to inflict such damage on each other, and if neither side is able to prevent retaliation by getting in a first surprise blow, then the fear of mutual annihilation can be regarded as something which keeps the peace. In other words, the balance of peace is, in fact, a balance of terror. Moreover, in so far as this argument is a valid one, it is also arguable that the balance of peace will be better preserved the stronger the two sides are, simply because, in that case, the power of retaliation and hence of mutual destruction is more certain.

It is upon these assumptions that British defence policy has been based at least since 1957. Indeed, in justifying the British Government's independent nuclear deterrent policy, its leading spokesmen have on many occasions claimed that Britain's current arms programme is designed to prevent war and not to fight it—in other words, to preserve the balance of peace. It is also clear that this conception of a deterrent is the basis of present American defence planning, and to that extent a big change from the 'massive retaliation' arguments of the early nineteen-fifties when America still enjoyed a virtual monopoly of nuclear weapons. Finally, it would appear from many of Mr. Khrushchev's public speeches and also of a good deal of recent Russian military writing that the communists, in Russia and her satellites even if not in China, are thinking along similar lines.

Lesser Aggressions

There is one further step in this argument which is of particular significance at present. So far I have been speaking of the balance of peace being preserved by mutual fear of destruction. But threats of the use of force of this kind could grow thin and meaningless if used upon any and every occasion, important or unimportant. Therefore the more powerfully nuclear deterrence works as a preventive against major wars, the more potential disturbers of the peace will try to get their way by aggression of a lesser kind, against which the use of nuclear weapons would appear disproportionately dangerous. So a full-blooded deterrent policy is seen today as demanding preparations to cover the whole range of military possibilities, great and small alike. Hence the recent emphasis on strengthening conventional forces.

It would be stupid to be dogmatic about all this. We cannot prove that a third world war has so far been avoided because of nuclear deterrence. But it is possible that it has. The highly dangerous problem of Berlin, for example, has been treated by both Russians and Americans with a degree of discretion which almost certainly arises from the knowledge that precipitate action could well involve nuclear war. The disturbances in Lebanon and Jordan in 1958, and even in the Congo and Laos during the last year, have in many ways been toned down rather than intensified by the nuclear powers.

On the other hand, this position of nuclear deterrence, of peace preserved by mutual fear, contains many built-in dangers. In the first place, men have never so far shown themselves able to live on the edge of such a volcano without ultimately falling in. A balance of terror is not a long-term solution of the problem of world peace. Secondly, while strict equality of weapons is not a necessary condition of deterrence, it is vital that neither side should develop its weapons well ahead of the other. Some people in recent years have talked of ultimate weapons. There are, in fact, no such things. What scientists have done in the past twenty-five years they can, theoretically, do again. If one side achieves a technical break-through, for example, in anti-missile missiles or in very cheap thermonuclear techniques, or in the mastery of space, then this could sufficiently upset the balance to make the gamble of a surprise blow seem more attractive.

Again, while restraint has apparently so far proved possible with only three or four nuclear powers in the world, the situation would almost certainly be much more dangerous if the possession of nuclear weapons were to spread. If disarmament is not achieved, then surely such a spread is inevitable. If weapons of mass destruction are not abolished, then they are more than likely to become the mark of independent nationhood. A careful study made under the auspices of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1958 estimated that, in addition to Russia, America, Britain, and France, there were twelve more countries technically

able to embark on a successful nuclear-weapons programme in the near future. Those twelve included three Asian countries—India, China, and Japan. A similar number of other countries could probably do likewise within another generation.

What, then, are the chances of effective disarmament? At the moment, I think, very few. Indeed, so abortive have been the disarmament talks of the past ten years that those deeply interested—at any rate in the West—are tending to turn to arms control rather than to disarmament as a more likely solution to the problem. In other words, instead of reduction or abolition of armaments, to a policy of restraint upon the level of armaments, their character and their deployment. There have, for example, been plans to avoid the spread of nuclear weapons either to other Powers or into outer space. But it should be realized that much of the thinking about arms control along these lines rests upon the assumption of continued nuclear deterrence as a stabilizing factor; in other words, of a controlled balance of power supporting a balance of peace. And it is not altogether clear that arms control would necessarily lead to disarmament.

What of the place of the neutral and so far largely non-nuclear nations in all this? In the first place it is surely obvious that no hopeful limitation or abolition of armaments can take place without their full participation. Too often, it seems to me, people in the West and in Russia argue as though the existing nuclear powers can settle these matters on their own; other powers are mentioned as though they were simply pawns in the game. But this condition carries with it two harsh implications. First, the neutral nations should be on their guard against exploiting the differences between East and West. The danger of large-scale war by accident is too great for self-indulgence. Second, non-possession of nuclear weapons is no justification for a 'holier-than-thou' attitude towards those who do possess them. Warfare is never pleasant, and no nation can claim that it has never been guilty of excess.

Finally, any substantial measure of arms control, and even more of disarmament, is bound to involve a sacrifice of some degree of sovereignty in the process. Perhaps the emergent nations of Asia and Africa can learn from the northern powers' dilemmas; indeed, if they can demonstrate their willingness to forego a degree of sovereignty in the interests of peace, they may give us all a valuable lesson.

This is the sixth of seven broadcasts in the General Overseas Service. The last talk, 'The Future of World Institutions', by Geoffrey Goodwin, will be published next week.

Power and Responsibility in Science

Next week the 123rd annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will take place in Norwich.

On the eve of its opening Michael Swann, Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, will give a broadcast talk on 'Power and Responsibility in Science'. In it he argues that today scientists collectively wield great power and because they exercise it they must be made more responsible for what they do.

His talk will be published next week in
THE LISTENER and B.B.C. TELEVISION REVIEW

Among the other features next week will be the second of Andrew Shonfield's talks on 'Inflation and Economic Growth' and Andrew Forge on 'Modern Art as an Institution'.

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From the United States to Cuba

By JOAN ROBINSON

TO go from the United States to Cuba, as I have just done, involves a sharp change of perspective. It is like going through the looking-glass. Everything in Cuba appears to be the opposite of what it is thought to be on the other side. In the U.S., for instance, it is constantly said that



Dr. Fidel Castro, Prime Minister of Cuba, addressing militia in Havana

Castro is a dictator. In Cuba 'the Dictator' means Batista and the associations of that word are recent bitter memories—corruption, tyranny, sadistic obscenity. Fidel appears on the contrary as a liberator, a romantic hero, a Jack the Giant Killer. (It is sad that American youth cannot be allowed to enjoy a saga that would be so much to their taste.)

An element of personal rule there certainly is. Fidel has strong views and the country is run by carrying them out. Everyone must have a chance to run his own house, but

landlords who have remained in the island must not be ruined. Thousands of country girls must be gathered up and lodged in hotels and villas round the city to be taught hygiene and dressmaking. There must be a deep-sea aquarium. The economists and civil servants pant along behind, getting things into order, finding the funds, staffing the projects.

This free-hand style of administration, which astonishes visitors from East and West alike, can work (and somehow it does work, errors and omissions excepted) because the country is small and the administrators know each other, having been under fire together in the mountains. They sadly admit that organization, budgets, and auditing are catching up fast and revolution will soon fade into government.

But, say his critics, if Castro is not a dictator why does he not hold elections? In the United States, even more than here, democracy is identified with elections and a two-party system. We find it hard to understand that people with a different historical experience look at the matter in a different light. To those who raise the question of elections Fidel has replied (in a speech to the International Union of Students on June 8): 'I say to them: Ask the people! Go into the streets and ask them—it isn't me saying No to elections, it's the people saying it. For fifty years our people had to endure these bourgeois parliaments and governments of thieves, and the people saw they were just exchanging one reactionary group for another. Was there any change? None whatever. . . . Whenever those who impugn the Cuban revolution on the question of elections will give a gun to every worker and farmer, on the very next day we will have general elections in Cuba'. The last point is very telling. Does a dictator arm an amateur militia and then

move freely among the crowd all over the country (distracting his own staff, who never know where he is)?

In my experience of 'asking the people' if they want an election the usual reply is: 'What's the point? We have the Government we want'. If you ask someone who seems a bit disgruntled he says: 'What's the point? Ninety per cent. of the people support this Government'. It is certainly a less commonplace reason for not holding an election that you are sure you will win rather than that you are not sure you will win.

As I see it, with all the work that has to be done in Cuba, an election would be a waste of effort. Merely to produce a register would be a big job. This is the situation today. But it is not intended to be permanent. In the speech I have quoted above, Fidel declared that in due time 'a parliament of the people will function again.' In fact, at this very moment a constitution is being discussed. Further argument must wait until we know what its proposals are.

I was often told in the United States that it was the shootings at the wall that turned public opinion there against Castro. Batista's murders (20,000 is the usual estimate) evidently were easy to forget. Then there was a great outcry about the tractors-for-prisoners deal. No one told me that Fidel had offered as an alternative 'liberty for liberty'—an exchange of an equal number of 'patriots who are gaoled for fighting against fascism, racialism, colonialism, tyranny and imperialism', in the United States, Spain, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Puerto Rico'.* The American image of Castro as a grim tyrant bears no resemblance to the Cuban's beloved Fidel.

There is some opposition, of course. The Americans† are still



Havana, capital of Cuba, with the presidential palace in the background

* This speech has since been published in *Monthly Review*, July-August, 1961.—J. R. † It is necessary to apologise, in the rest of the hemisphere, for using this term exclusively for the inhabitants of the United States. But there is no other polite name for them.—J. R.

boasting about their underground sabotage organization in the island. There was a stupid little bomb outrage in Havana only recently—the first since the invasion. A certain number of wealthy people still hang on in the city, and one can imagine how they feel about the cheerful bathers, of all sizes and colours, splashing on the beach of the once sacred Yacht Club. Owners of small private businesses are no doubt wondering how long they will be able to carry on, though meanwhile fresh ones are starting up. (One of the unexpected touches in socialist Havana is that new bars and *boîtes de nuit* are frequently opened.) There are those who know that it is right, in theory, to help the poor but have not much enthusiasm for it in practice. There are those who resent the old-boy network of the war heroes from which they are excluded. There are those who resent the whole thing and leave the country. Suspicions about their loyalty, often no

The actual state farms have been set up on what were almost uncultivated latifundia. A heavy investment is being made in them, in housing, equipment, and livestock. I visited one of 20,000 acres where eight men were formerly employed to keep a scruffy-looking herd of Indian cattle. Now, 500 workers are earning three times the wage, with a charming little bungalow (mod. cons.) thrown in.

These bungalows led to one of the many stories one hears in Cuba about Fidel. He dropped in one afternoon in his helicopter and noticed a block of cottages being built. 'That's no good. Our people want separate houses!' So the half-built block was torn down and bungalows spaced out. One of the old mud hovels is preserved to show town visitors how people used to live.

This sort of thing leads to another kind of criticism. The high-class plumbing, the careful, elegant design in workers' cottages and flats, and the fanciful pleasure grounds and beach resorts springing up all round the island are condemned as 'unproductive', as squandering economic resources to pander to the masses for a propaganda effect. To my mind, this is a superficial way to argue. No economic system is an end in itself. 'Man cannot live by bread alone' is a fact. In the medieval world the economy existed to support the chivalry of the nobility and the piety and learning of the Church. Free enterprise exists to create a setting in which individuals can carve out a fortune for their families. The development of socialism in the U.S.S.R. was dominated by the desperate need to build up national defence. To exalt the humble and meek and send the rich empty away (especially, of course, if the rich are *Yanquis*) is an equally valid economic objective.

The question is, can it be done? Can the Cuban economy stand the strain of increasing consumption at the same time as industrialization is being pressed on? So far, it is reckoned that there has been a rise of 10 per cent. per annum in overall consumption per head since the revolution, and it is the intention of the economic plan now

being framed to maintain the same rate of rise. It would be rash for me, on the basis of a few conversations and a quick look round, to give an opinion about whether this will be feasible. But it is clear that Cuba has great natural advantages. Vacant land, idle labour, and a blessed climate have made a quick rise in food production possible. There was also unutilized capacity in textiles, furniture-making, and so forth. This accounts for the massive increase in money incomes being met with so far little sign of inflationary pressure. (The monetary reform, which was made after I had left, seems to be of the same nature as the Belgian currency reform after the war. It has nothing to do with the balance of current production and current incomes.)

As is usual in the colonial-plantation type of economy, Cuba had a high ratio of imports to consumption. As Fidel put it when he first took over: 'We export sugar to import sweets; we export hides to import shoes; we export iron to import ploughs'. This made it possible to substitute domestic for imported products very rapidly. There are good prospects of exports increasing also. For the time being, loans and long credits from the socialist countries are indispensable (capitalist countries are welcome to join in too!), but the intention is to achieve balance and begin repayments in four years' time.

There are bound to be difficulties: at present there is a crisis about cooking fat, precipitated by President Kennedy applying the embargo on United States trade with Cuba to a consignment of lard which had already been paid for and which they were expecting to be delivered. I heard Fidel explain on television, with a kind of university-extension lecture on supply and demand, that rationing would be necessary for the time being. The intention is to have enough processing plant going to meet all demands in eighteen months from now. The American action, certainly, was a great help to the Cuban authorities. It covered up any defect



Women of the Cuban militia marching through Havana on January 2, in a parade marking the second anniversary of Dr. Fidel Castro's revolution

doubt unfounded, are preventing many potentially valuable professional people from being properly used, and they grow embittered when foreign experts are called in to do what they feel they could have done. This kind of discontent is middle-aged. The young people are in the Militia, or out in the country teaching the illiterate to read and write.

Another notion about Castro's Cuba that is widely held in the United States is that the land reform has created unrest amongst the peasants. It seems to be believed that agriculture is organized entirely in state farms. In fact, 60 per cent. of cultivated land is in private hands. Former share-croppers and rack-rented tenants have become independent farmers. Here the very wastefulness of the old economy has proved an advantage. There was so much empty and under-cultivated land that it was possible to give every family the right to what is reckoned to be an adequate holding. They are helped with organized credit and marketing, and they may form co-operatives among themselves if they wish. But Fidel insists that no request to set up a smallholders' co-operative should be met at the first asking. They must show that they really want it. No one is to be given an excuse to start talking about compulsory collectivization.

Only the sugar estates have been converted into co-operatives. To break them up into smallholdings would have been folly from an economic point of view. The workers are not peasants but wage earners; their demands are those typical of trade unionists, not of farmers. One or two to whom I talked said they were now receiving twice or three times their former daily wage. What is more, they are employed all the year round instead of only for a few months during the sugar harvest. To make this possible, diversified agriculture is being developed, partly by taking new land into cultivation and partly by releasing land through raising the yield of sugar-cane.

of foresight there may have been in their own planning. It invests eating boiled fish with a glow of patriotism, and it gave the Soviet Union the chance for one more gesture of prompt and generous aid.

There may be more awkward corners to pass between striking the full capacity of existing plant and getting new capacity into operation. Other scarcities have begun to appear. Meat coming to market is up by 40 per cent., but demand has increased faster. Motor-cars are not imported; tyres and spare parts will soon be a problem. But, so far, the atmosphere is by no means austere. Some visitors from sterner regimes find it shockingly delightful.

What about the ever-burning question of cultural freedom? The Cuban intellectuals are being converted to Marxism in droves, rather as pagans who had witnessed a miracle might have been converted to Christianity. They believe first and then have to find out what it is they believe. The dreary blight of orthodoxy breaks out here and there, but the fact that the Cuban revolution was the first to be made after the end of the Stalin period gives it a kind of freshness of its own.

Moreover, nothing can be done in Cuba without Fidel being first convinced that it should be done. The beatnik poets and abstract painters (crying, it seemed to me, before they were hurt) were determined to put up a big fight against Stalinism. Fidel, who can listen as well as speak for five hours at a stretch, attended a three-day conference to hear their protests, and apart from expressing a preference for works that are not totally incomprehensible, he satisfied them that tolerance will prevail. It was he, by the way, who insisted, against the intellectual toughs, that the first book to be put out by the state publishing house should be *Don Quixote*, and the public backed him by buying up the largest edition that has ever been sold.

The qualms of the beatniks seem to be rather beside the mark when one has seen the campaign against illiteracy at work in the back areas of the country. It is called 'alphabetization'. Groups, mainly school children and students on holiday, 12,000 at a time, are given a short course, and then sent out with a knapsack full of primers and exercise books and a lantern, both symbolic as the light of learning and useful for evening lessons, to live with peasant families, help on the farm, and teach whoever can be persuaded to learn. The foreign visitors turn up and are greeted with smiles but no exaggerated fuss. The man is not too shy to show off his exercise book. The wife beams at the two girls 'who are as good as daughters'. (An unobtrusive eye is kept on the girls by the group leaders and to the wilder parts of the country only boys are sent.) The peasants are learning to read and the teachers are learning a great deal more.

But obviously the Americans are not so much concerned about the peasants and the poets. Their great cry is that Castro has 'betrayed the revolution to communism'. (Mr. August Heckscher, in a talk broadcast in the Third Programme*, has provided a typical specimen of this line. The same theme is elaborated in the statement put out in Washington† to prepare public opinion for the invasion.) When the word 'communism' is mentioned in such company, reasoned argument comes to an end. But let us try to reason all the same. What does 'being a communist' imply in this case? First and foremost an ally of the U.S.S.R. Was this to betray the revolution? The purpose of the fight was primarily to overthrow Batista. But Batista was not only an exceptionally disagreeable thug; he was well known to be a creature and an instrument of dollar imperialism. It was a necessary part of the revolution to follow up the

defeat of Batista by tackling the American monopolies. To refuse to tackle them because it could be done only with Soviet aid would indeed have been to betray the revolution.

The quarrel with the United States began when American-owned refineries refused to take Soviet oil, which is sold below the capitalist-world price. From then on action and reaction quickly led to a complete embargo on trade with Cuba by the United States and a complete nationalization of American assets by Cuba. At what point was the revolution betrayed? At what point would capitulation to the business corporations have 'saved freedom' for Cuba?

'Communism ninety miles from our shores' twitter the American newspapers, as though they were actually thinking of an air-base in Cuba, menacing United States territory. From the other side of the looking-glass those ninety miles have a different significance. A little island of 6,000,000 inhabitants, ninety miles from the shores of the greatest military power (or is it the second greatest?) that the world has ever seen. The ubiquitous slogan *Patria o Muerte*, 'my country or death', has a real meaning in Cuba. If they were seriously attacked there would be nothing for it but to sell their lives dear as an example to the world. Underneath the gay scenes of Havana—half the girls dressed up to the nines and the other half in militia uniform—that sharp thought is always present.

Americans who are not so far gone as to take the military argument seriously still express alarm about Castro introducing 'communism' into the western hemisphere. Certainly Fidel has declared that his revolution is a socialist revolution. The newest wall slogans are *Vivas* for the First American Socialist Country. A planned economy is being evolved on the basis of the nationalized industries. Full employment is promised by 1963. Advice is being sought (but not always closely followed) from Czech and Russian experts on planning as well as on technical questions. (There are a number of experts from South America and even from North America too.) The property of those who leave the country is confiscated after forty-eight days' notice. The crash programme to eliminate illiteracy in one year is going full blast. Though the health service is not yet fully socialized, medical care is being extended into the countryside where it was unknown before. If these are the hallmarks of communism, then certainly Cuba is 'going communist'.

What else was there to do? The unique feature of the Cuban revolution is that what began as a movement of Freedom Fighters without any particular economic philosophy has been turned towards socialism by the mere logic of the situation. To accept aid from anyone who would give it meant, in effect, to lean upon the U.S.S.R. To work with anyone who would help the movement meant an alliance with the Communist Party (which, however, is

(concluded on page 280)



Young men parading with books and lanterns, in support of the campaign against illiteracy in Cuba

The Listener

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'The Movement'

IN a talk which we print on another page, Mr. Bernard Bergonzi surveys the history of English poetry since 1910, and especially during the decade just ended, a decade dominated by a group of university poets usually referred to as the Movement. Their work may conveniently be studied in the anthology *New Lines**. Its introduction, by Mr. Robert Conquest, is in the nature of a manifesto and speaks of the poetry of the 'fifties as being 'free from both mystical and logical compulsions' and 'empirical in its attitude to all that comes'. This may appear in retrospect somewhat negative, and may lead the reader to ask 'But what does come?' Most literary periods are judged by their typical rather than by their exceptional products, and there can be no mistaking the typical 'Movement' poem, with its syllable-counting, its vernacular 'toughness', its determination not to give itself away, its self-consciousness, its obsession with articulation as an end in itself, its bleak smartness, and its built-in defence-mechanism. The return to strict metrical forms is interesting: Mr. Bergonzi's suggestion that these forms had been thought to have been exhausted by the late romantics perhaps slightly conceals the Movement's deliberately anti-emotional pose, exemplified by Mr. Donald Davie's line 'Appear concerned only to make it scan!': a far cry from Dowson or Housman. It is just here that one must be careful to distinguish the best verse of the 'fifties, for instance the work of Miss Elizabeth Jennings or Mr. Philip Larkin, in which feeling, though controlled, is neither concealed nor apologized for.

There is indeed something curiously artificial about a literary movement which proclaimed its own beginning and appears now to have announced its own end. It is as if the creators were at the same time writing the literary history of the period in which they themselves figured—the cow, to quote a remark once made by Mr. Cyril Connolly, serving in the milk-bar: and this trick of criticizing—often in the very moment of what ought to be the creative process—work which sometimes seems to have originated in order to provide lecture-material, is a characteristic feature of this group of writers.

Mr. Bergonzi refers to the influence on the Movement of Mr. Robert Graves; but Mr. Graves is a romantic who has worked in a variety of forms, showing no special affection for neo-classical ones; though the fact of his having earlier influenced Mr. Auden underlines the strength and continuity of his appeal. And if it is more a matter of idiom and attitude than of form, of what Mr. Bergonzi calls 'the counter-revolution which restored the traditional language of English verse' after the experiments of Eliot and Pound, then, again, some of the academic poems of the Movement seem far removed from what Wordsworth called 'the language of ordinary men' because their authors, unlike Mr. Graves, appear to be drawing on experience at second-hand, on books rather than life. Without wishing to go to the other extreme and embrace the extravagances of American anti-poets like Jack Kerouac, the English reader may on the whole be content to bury the Movement without too many tears. Its best poets, and the best poets who have stood aloof from it and from all movements, like Mr. R. S. Thomas, show that it is possible, now as always, to write poetry which is both intelligible and moving without worrying about literary fashions.

* Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Berlin and coexistence

'PRAVDA' SET THE TONE for Soviet home comment on the Berlin situation in a leader which argued that, at a time when the imperialists were pushing mankind to the brink of a nuclear war, the socialist states were making impassioned appeals for peace and reinforcing their noble words by concrete action. Quoting Scripture, *Pravda* warned the 'sabre-rattlers' that those who lived by the sword shall perish by the sword. Meanwhile the head of the East German State radio boasted in a broadcast talk that the East Berlin authorities had achieved a *fait accompli* while the Western occupation troops were sleeping off their 'Saturday night hangover'.

Other East German comment emphasized that the situation was normal. 'We have—in peace—taught the militarists a lesson through a military operation on our territory', said one *Deutschlandsender* commentator. Another claimed that the East German measures had relieved the Western Powers of much worry. 'So Macmillan can go grouse-shooting and Fanfani can go on holiday; for there is no international crisis'. A legal expert was quoted as saying that none of the measures affected in any way 'the position of the Western troops in West Berlin, their lines of communication, or their supplies'.

West German comment at first showed considerable disappointment at the West's failure to take effective counter-measures. There was also criticism in the French and Swiss press. *Paris-Jour* feared the communists would be encouraged to take further aggressive steps. The *New York Daily News*—another popular newspaper—accused the West of 'shilly-shallying'. But *The Washington Post* thought a feeling of frustration must not be allowed to govern the Western response. Short of war, it said, there is relatively little the West can do about the closing of the border except to register a strong protest. The communist action in itself leaves the Soviet Union at a great propaganda disadvantage before the world.

The West German press then seemed to have second thoughts about its earlier demand for effective counter-measures. *Die Welt* explained the 'weak reaction' of the Western Powers as partly due to the special circumstances of the situation and hoped it would not lead to misunderstandings. *Stuttgarter Nachrichten* thought few people properly understood the American attitude:

The sober attitude of the U.S. Government is responsible for the fact that there is still hope for peace and for the prospects of negotiation. That Government's efforts to enlighten the rest of the world—that is to say, the free and neutral powers—fully correspond with German interests.

The Times of India thought it 'downright silly' for East Germany to suggest that traffic from East to West was part of some kind of subversive activity encouraged by militarists in Western Germany. The Indian press generally took a calm view of the situation. The *Hindustan Times* said there should be renewed efforts to solve the German problem 'in the context of a disengaged central Europe. If the West lacks the courage to seek such a solution, the piecemeal erosion of their position in Berlin must continue'. In East Germany *Neues Deutschland* said that 'everywhere' people were beginning to understand that the time had come for negotiations. The fact that this had been realized 'before the date for the conclusion of the peace treaty' was 'exceptionally useful'. There could be no negotiations without East German representation.

Mr. Khrushchev's remarks about perhaps having to bomb the Acropolis because of American bases in Greece produced a sharp Greek reaction. In a commentary designed to offset this, Moscow radio 'recalled' an ancient proverb: When Zeus gets angry, it means he is in the wrong. The commentator declared: 'No other foreign people is as fond of the Greeks' historic monuments as the Soviet people'. He said Mr. Khrushchev had told the Greek Ambassador their peoples had always been brothers. It was the 'two-faced gentlemen' who constituted the 'ruling circles' of Greece, added the commentator, who 'put the mines of the U.S. bases' under the sacred rock of the Acropolis.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

LOFOTEN ADVENTURE

IN THE SPRING of this year ROY SAUNDERS visited the Lofoten Islands where the fishermen of Norway exploit the migration of the Arctic cod. He described his experiences in a talk in the West of England Home Service.

'Among all the miracles of nature that excite man's imagination', he said, 'I do not suppose any are more wonderful than the Arctic cod's spawning journey to reach the fjords of the grim Lofoten Islands. The Arctic cod, which feed and grow in that big international trawling ground, the Barents Sea, all migrate to one area of about fifty miles of fjords along the inner coast of the Lofotens.

'By February they round the southern tip of the islands and swim into the Vestfjord Sea, where an amazing thing takes place. Before the cod can mate and spawn, the temperature and salinity of the water must be just right. The Gulf Stream itself is too warm and salty for the cod, and the floating surface water from the snows and rivers is too fresh and cold. The spawning cod wants neither; but between this surface water and the deeper salty water, somewhere around the forty-fathom mark, the milling millions find the right conditions to spawn. This is often within a mile or so of the shore, and that is where the fishermen, who come from all parts of Norway, move in for the kill.

'After the war, echo-sounding and depth-recorders were introduced to fishing boats, and echoes were received of big shoals of fish. The deadly purse-netting ships, with the aid of these depth-recorders, could pin-point the shoals at the exact depth when the fish were on the spawning levels. Such a toll was taken each year by these scientifically equipped ships that local public opinion was roused among the vast body of small fishermen. Representation was made to the State Department, and the use of these pursers was forbidden in the cod waters of Lofoten. This year



Cod-fishing boats at Henningsvaer, Lofoten Islands—

the State Department wanted evidence on this precious Norwegian asset, and four purse-netting ships were hired and sent to Svolvær (the fishing capital) to catch and supply the numbers of cod for investigation by a specially qualified fish physiologist, Gunnar Sundnes, on board a research ship, the "Levendefisk", which means "Living Fish".

'This 1961 inquiry had barely begun when I arrived, and each day from the heaving decks of the four pursers and the "Levendefisk" I watched the process of solving the mysteries of the Arctic deeps. I always knew I would find a trip to the Lofotens exciting at this time of the year, but as I looked round at the 5,000-foot snow-covered peaks rising out of the wide blue fjord and saw the amazing spectacle of over 500 fishing boats with their coloured sails holding them head to wind at the end of their long lines or gill nets, with the three pursers slicing their way between the smaller boats like hungry killer whales, I realised that this scene was far more wonderful than anything I had imagined. I shall never forget those wonderful days spent on the wide Svolvær fjord. Sometimes they were days of such savage cold that the wind stung like acid on the skin, and sometimes they were brilliantly sunny days, when snowstorms swept suddenly over the fishing fleet and the hundreds of boats would be obliterated from view by the passing storm. It would sweep on, and the sunlight would come again, and the ships and boats would reappear in a dazzling white against the blue of the fjord'.

IF I COULD PASS A LAW

'There ought to be a law against it'—that is a common enough sentiment, and in 'Woman's Hour' J. B. BOOTHROYD said what he would legislate upon if he had the opportunity.

'My law', he said, 'is going to have a rather attractive title: it is going to be called the Compulsory Retention of Haberdashery Designs, Styles, and Materials Act.



—and the morning's catch in one of the boats

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

'Its purpose will be to keep my blood pressure down when I go to buy another shirt like the one I bought last time, because I particularly liked the shape of the collar or the nice, flat lie of the cuffs; and the man says, "Oh, no, sir, they're not making those any more". And he says it with a sort of pitying air, as if I must be a perfect fool to expect the same set of stripes two years running.

'Just the same with socks and ties, and scarves and hats. And

hurry lagging passengers at leaving time, or tolled in a funereal tempo during yard movements. But air-operated bell ringers killed all that—in fact, in modern times bells often became fixed, which economized space, and only the clapper swung to the action of the little air motor inside.

'European-made bells and whistles, such as you find on overseas railways, lack the indescribable "something" that makes the genuine American article so impressive. They are not made with the idea of conveying the same nuances as are those of North America. Nor are the whistles valved for it: by that I mean that expressive shades of tone colour require a long-travel valve. European designers regard whistles and bells as mere accessories; not as the vocal organs of a man-made creature that lives.

'In the eighteen-eighties or nineties some individualist felt the urge for a whistle different from the roaring, one-tone, steamboat hooters of the old diamond-stackers, and produced an instrument with stopped pipes of different lengths calculated to sound several notes at once in harmony. Probably the steam organs of the period inspired the experiment. At any rate, this is how the "chime whistle" was born. Other individualists followed suit with more notes, varying in the pitch of the chord sounded. The proud owners of these privately owned, privately engineered whistles developed their own particular techniques in the manner of handling the whistle cord, and when they moved from one engine to another took their whistles with them, plus steam valves (the valve being such an important adjunct of the playing technique). That was when engineers "owned" their engines—before pooling came into use.

'The fabled Casey Jones, of whom they sing:

They loved to hear the whistle of the Number 3,
As she came through Memphis on the old I.C.

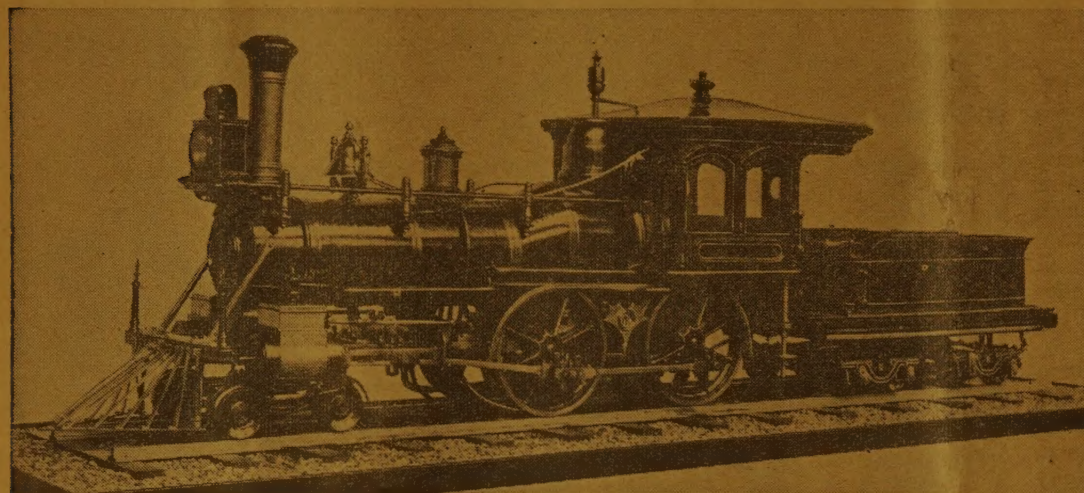
was a "quill artist" of note, who always carried with him his own quill (that is what they used to call a chime in the deep South). His was a six-pipe job whose moans sent every coloured "rounder" from Chicago to New Orleans into ecstasies.

'The colourless buzz of the diesel's air-horn will never attain the glamour and the nostalgic "lonesomeness" of the chime whistle, whose very voice stirred inexpressible longings for far horizons. The day may come when the cry of the archaic American steam locomotives will be regarded as a musical experience to be sought as the voice of a baroque organ is sought today'.

MORE ABOUT THE AMERICAN BREAKFAST

JOHN CRAWLEY, B.B.C. correspondent in New York, speaking in 'Today' (Home Service), had this to add* about the American breakfast:

'A thing Englishmen find hard to get used to is the habit of serving everything on one plate—bacon, eggs, toast and marmalade, or grape jelly—and one knife for everything. Then there are the wheat cakes. They are like a pancake only thicker and fluffier, and you order either a stack (which is three) or a short stack (which is two). They are served with butter and lots of maple syrup, and they are extremely good—but they are usually served with bacon on the same plate, and this is rather a strain on the visiting Englishman'.



Model of an American locomotive of 1875: the bell, with rope attached, is immediately behind the funnel
The Science Museum

my law will not only benefit me and my fellow consumers; it will cut out the headaches, if not the ulcers, for the manufacturers' designers who are killing themselves thinking of new shapes and stuffs and colours, when all we want is a simple repeat order of the orange and green pyjamas that were so exactly *us*—and now simply can't be had for love or money'.

WHISTLES, BELLS, AND FAR HORIZONS

'In countries of wide, open spaces locomotives are garrulous', said BRIAN FAWCETT in 'On Railways in the North' (Network Three). 'They talk over big distances, and their voice is the whistle. In Europe they say little, and until comparatively recently the only voice they had was an emasculated "peep". Protected tracks and over-population reduced their need for a voice except for an occasional polite protest to a signalman. Of late they have learned to bellow on occasions, and in the twilight of their existence even to utter a plaintive cry almost reminiscent of the Americas. But it was in the Americas that whistles found their apotheosis and whistling became an art. And yet the locomotive whistle was an invention of these islands; moreover, its inventor, Adrian Stephens, Chief Engineer at the Dowlais Iron works at Penydarren, Glamorganshire, produced it originally as a low-water alarm on his stationary boilers.

'The nature of the country in the days of rail pioneering demanded a whistle that would carry far; and in more sophisticated times of increasing traffic the prevalence of unprotected grade crossings preserved this need. It was also a way for the engineer to talk to the trainmen—to let them know what was required of them. The standard code whistle signals are among the first things the budding railroader learns by heart as he thumbs his way through his clean, new rule book. The most familiar is no doubt the two long, a short, and a long, when approaching a grade crossing. This has become almost a theme song of the American train.

'Engine bells also originated in England. The early Stockton and Darlington engines had them, beginning with No. 1, but they were soon deleted. In America, however, they became as much a part of the railroading sound as the whistles, and their pontifical peal often caused churchmen to covet them. Displaced from scrap engines, engine bells still toll solemnly from hundreds of church steeples. In their original office, the ringing of them was part of the fireman's art. Counterweighted with gleaming plated or brass knobs, and with trunnions set more or less in line with the centre of gravity, they could be "rolled" over and over to

Inflation and Economic Growth—I

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

THERE are signs that the West's obsession with price stability—which has replaced its pre-war obsession about unemployment—has communicated itself prematurely to the under-developed countries. It seems to me that these countries might with benefit be urged to worry more about unemployment and much less about prices. I would go further and say that the poor countries of Asia ought positively to welcome a certain amount of price inflation as a healthy and normal accompaniment of growth: they should see it as an element in the tactical planning of development and deliberately choose the points in the system where they *want* to see price inflation.

The question is a fundamental one, because in Asia today the official neurosis about inflation is often the motive for not planning more ambitiously to make use of public funds, in order to put idle manpower into productive work. India is the outstanding example. But the same inhibitions dominate the thinking of many other governments of south Asia. What has happened in Latin America, for instance, is regarded by them as a terrible warning of the dangers of a slap-happy policy on prices. Moreover, several of the Latin American countries are today voluntarily subjecting themselves to the painful process of a money purge—with the attendant miseries of unemployment and the waste of productive resources—in order to restore confidence in their currencies.

Restraint among Asia's New Independent Countries

There has, in fact, been a remarkable contrast during the post-war period between the restraint exercised by the newly independent nations of Asia on the one side and the wild inflation that has been the rule in Latin America. The main exception in Asia has been Indonesia, and there were special political factors in operation there which might well have destroyed public confidence in any national currency. India's experience of a rise in retail prices of about 5 per cent. a year during the second half of the nineteen-fifties is fairly typical. This compares with annual increases of around 30 per cent. in Brazil, Chile, and Argentina; even the moderates, like Mexico, registered annual price rises of close to 10 per cent. a year.

There are one or two obvious factors which have tended to make Latin America particularly prone to inflation. First, there is the traditional happy-go-lucky attitude of many of these governments towards the whole business of the finance of central government. Often it seems to be regarded as a kind of magic fount of good things for the friends, families, and supporters of the men who are fortunate enough to have gained a spell of political power—an attitude which is a relic of Iberian colonialism. The tradition in most of the countries of south-east Asia, which derives from a later colonial era, is much stricter. Governments in this region are not in any doubt that, if the budget is badly unbalanced, something has to be done to offset the effect on prices. Moreover, something really can be done. In India, in particular, there is an administrative machine which is efficient and honest enough to collect large sums in taxes even from powerful members of society. That is a rarity in Latin America.

The second point is a technical one. The Latin Americans start ready equipped with a much more powerful engine for speeding up the inflationary process. There the banking system is more highly developed than in south-east Asia; and because bank money goes round much faster than currency, the effective flow of cash—that is, the volume of money multiplied by the rate of circulation—grows faster than in countries where simple currency is the main form of purchasing power in use. In India, for example, currency is still between 65 and 70 per cent. of the money supply. In Mexico it is around 45 per cent.; in Chile some 37 per cent.; and in Brazil under 30 per cent. So it may be that south-east Asia will find itself facing some of the Latin

American inflationary pressures, once it has acquired a more active capitalist class and has equipped it with a modern banking system.

No Bourgeois Thrift

However it would be wrong to imagine that inflation, even when it reaches the Latin American level of excess, necessarily puts a stop to economic development. People somehow manage to acclimatise themselves to it, and if there are enterprising business men and an energetic government determined to develop the resources of the country—as there are, for instance, in Brazil—the real wealth of the country may go on growing fast. The trouble is that when inflation reaches the Brazilian pace it becomes an enormous nuisance. People accumulate excessive stocks of commodities, instead of money, just for the sake of holding something which will not depreciate in value. The organized workers, having been caught out too often by the rise in prices, now try to ensure that they get a long way in front of them. That leads to bitter social conflicts. Meanwhile the bourgeois habit of thrift, which played such an important part in the rise of the middle class as the dynamic factor in the new capitalist societies of the West, fails to take root.

Finally, the expectation of huge and unending price rises distorts all business decisions. All this is extremely wasteful because the new capitalists, on whose enterprise so much depends, direct an excessive amount of their business energy to the task of evading the consequences of the 20 to 30 per cent. annual increase in prices.

It is a pity, however, that the well-publicized effects of extreme inflation in Latin America have led many governments in other parts of the under-developed world to draw the moral that the only safe thing to do is to aim at the maximum possible stability of all prices—in effect, to give up the use of the price mechanism as an aid to economic development. I was struck by this in India during the period of the second five-year plan, when I observed the way in which the pace of development was slowed down by delays in obtaining official permission to undertake any new business investment. It takes several months on average to process the applications from business men, if the job is properly done. There are not enough officials of the right calibre to do it any faster. But there is one easy way in which this whole process could be made to by-pass the officials. Why not recognize openly that the licence to invest, and therefore the right to obtain scarce foreign currency for the import of machinery and materials, has a high market value to Indian business men, and let them bargain for it among themselves? In other words, the state should auction the import licence—a technique which has been freely employed in Latin America—and, in the process, put its hands on a profitable source of revenue, while saving itself a good deal of trouble by making the price mechanism do the work that is now being ponderously done by officials. The result would be to push up a number of prices: that is the penalty for using the market in conditions of scarcity. It also tends to be regarded as an overwhelming objection in Indian eyes.

Waste in Administrative Delays

In so far as an investment does not cost foreign exchange, it is hard to see any justification at all for interference by a licensing authority. In a country where domestic resources are grossly under-employed, as they are in India, any investment which makes an additional call on these resources exclusively is to be welcomed. To impose any administrative delay on it is wanton waste. Moreover it is important to realize that the extent of the waste is not measured simply by the average delay in passing a licence through the administrative system. For the new piece of investment, in a society in the early stages of development, is typically designed

to ease a bottle-neck: one extra product or service makes possible the use of a whole lot of other productive resources that are waiting to be mobilized. It is a matter of common observation in many under-developed countries, including India, that factories and plant are frequently to be found working below capacity. The paradox that the poorest countries, where capital is most scarce, are also apparently wasteful in the use of their capital resources is simply explained by the fact that such countries are much more liable to suffer from the unexpected bottle-neck in the production of some small but crucial item.

It is the lack of flexibility in responding to rapid economic change which makes an under-developed country less efficient than a developed one in the use that it makes of its national capital stock. So if the removal of each bottle-neck is to be subjected to an added administrative delay of, say, six months, the effect in bottling up total productive capacity—and of slowing down the whole country's rate of growth—will be much greater than this.

Professor Albert Hirschman has a striking passage in his book, *The Strategy of Economic Development**, on this subject:

A mere description of this type of growth process conveys an almost physical sensation of inflationary shock being administered to an economy. Individual price rises and the profit opportunities they signal are indeed an essential part of the process, one of the prime movers in the mechanism of unbalanced growth.

He adds that because of the limited capacity of a poorly equipped country to respond rapidly to any sudden increases in demand, some of the price increases 'are bound to be substantial'.

A Habit which Spreads

Here is the core of the problem. A system which encourages the prices of bottle-neck items to rise fast and far enough to induce a quick response from entrepreneurs on the look-out for big profits will surely do better than one which relies entirely on the shrewdness and devotion of a band of officials, however able, to anticipate every twist and turn in the extraordinarily complex, labyrinthine structure of a modern economy. But the trouble is that once people come to accept sharp rises in individual prices as part of the normal pattern of life, it is difficult to prevent the habit from spreading to all sorts of places where it does no good at all.

There are in any case many forces in an under-developed country conspiring to enfeeble the competitive pressures which operate in a normal capitalist society. It is also true that the owners of wealth in such a society can in general be induced to invest in new and untraditional branches of production only by the offer of, unusually large returns on their capital. They are in any case used to obtaining very high rates of interest on money lent to people to cover ordinary consumption needs. In India, for instance, the going rate of return on money lent by respectable citizens to money lenders is 18 to 24 per cent. The money lenders themselves charge a good deal more. In order to compete with the profitable business of straightforward money lending in a backward society where the peasant is not yet organized to defend himself, the profits offered by investment in productive enterprise must be correspondingly higher. The upshot is that prices and profits must be allowed to rise much more than in an advanced economy in order to stimulate the business enterprise required to overcome a bottle-neck quickly.

Plainly, there are dangers, but they should not obscure the essential principle governing the use of the price mechanism as a stimulus to growth in an under-developed country, while avoiding a course of headlong inflation in the Latin-American style. The principle is simply to confine the inflationary process within the area of the economy where it will do some good—that is, broadly, in the new and rapidly developing industrial sector—while keeping it right out of the main traditional sectors of the economy, which still provide the bulk of the goods absorbed into mass consumption. The most important of these are food and cloth. If necessary these goods should be imported in large quantities, as part of the Western economic aid programme.

The other principle in the strategy of controlled inflation is that a price rise is least useful and most dangerous when it affects a product whose supply is rigid. Agriculture is the most obvious example. The reason is simply that peasants in a primitive farming community do not raise or lower their output readily in response to changes in the price. The problem here is not the level of the

market price; it is to break through the series of custom-hardened obstacles—social, psychological, and financial—which stand between the peasant and the acquisition of a fair share of the ultimate proceeds from the sale of his crop. The function of the agricultural price guarantee, giving the peasant a predictable minimum, is to bring in the state to raise the morale of the agricultural producer and to protect his interests in a traditional society where middlemen tend to have too much commercial power.

'Auctioned' Import Licences

It is true that even if the price increases are confined to the sensitive industrial activities which respond to the incentive of high profit, their effects are bound to spread over a wider area. This happens in two different ways. First, the rise in the price of imported capital goods and material auctioned by the state to the highest bidder means a more costly end-product. Incidentally, when I speak of an 'auction' system of import licensing, I use the term in a symbolic sense. The state may never conduct an actual auction; all that is necessary is that the entrepreneur should be made to pay over to the government the difference between the high price that he can realize by the sale of the end-product in the closed national market and the price that the product would have fetched if supplies had not been limited by import controls.

There is a monopoly element here, because the number of licences issued is strictly limited. In a country like India, the less essential the end-product, the more restricted the issue of licences, and therefore, other things being equal, the larger the monopoly profit. There is, in fact, a clandestine but well-recognized market in import licences in India. People do buy and sell them. Price control by the government looks like an answer to this dilemma; but it is not. It merely hands on the monopoly value inherent in the import licence from the producer to the first customer. He can, if he wishes, obtain the cash value of the monopoly element by going out and selling it on the open market. That is what in fact happens in Soviet countries when goods are in short supply and the state controls the prices. There is a class of professional queuers in Russia today who act as middlemen and make a very pleasant living out of it.

My own view is that if some article dependent on imported supplies has a high scarcity value, the exceptional profit on it rightfully belongs to the state, which issues the import licence and thus provides the essential ingredient for the transaction. That would give the government a direct gain in additional revenue. But there would also be a more subtle and pervasive gain because prices in the home market would more accurately reflect the pressures on the nation's resources. That would provide the enterprising business man with a pressing inducement to find a home-made substitute for the imported product and to sell it at a fat profit. At the moment his chief inducement to do so is his desire to by-pass the annoying official who issues the import licence.

The Social Penalty

I admit that there is a social penalty that has to be paid for such a policy. Some people will suffer unfairly because the prices of goods, and also services like transport and electricity, which depend on imported supplies, will rise in price; so will all sorts of near-substitutes for them, which are produced entirely from domestic resources. Probably the people who would suffer most from such a policy would be middle-class families living on fixed incomes. It is indeed a political difficulty that among the victims of the scheme would be the permanent officials who are supposed to introduce it. They would have to be 'squared' in some way.

The real question is whether the increase in the cost of living would inevitably translate itself into a general rise in wages and therefore into a further increase in costs and prices. This is the second way in which price increases may spread out in widening circles through the economy—through the process of cost inflation, when the price level moves, not in response to a change in the balance of supply and demand, but because of some independent movement in costs, which is then passed on.

This is the first of three talks in the Third Programme which are based on a series of lectures Mr. Shonfield delivered in New Delhi earlier this year under the joint auspices of the Indian Council of World Affairs and the Council for Economic Education

The Socialist Aesthete

A. E. DYSON on Oscar Wilde

OSCAR WILDE wrote that he lived in terror of not being misunderstood. As it turned out, he need not have worried. His contemporaries liked or disliked him largely for the wrong reasons; the earlier twentieth century reacted decisively against him. Even today, with two important films on their rounds and innumerable television programmes, he remains curiously hard to understand. As a humorist he set out to amuse, as a successful humorist he paid the price of being taken less than seriously. One can partly understand the attitude; there were various possibilities of cruelty in the eighteen-nineties which Wilde's type of wit could easily be made to serve. Yet he was one of the kindest and sanest of men, in addition to being a prince of entertainers; nor was his laughter without its serious side, as his first hearers often knew to their cost.

For Wilde's ideas have been misunderstood, as well as his laughter. And I am thinking now not of the consciously solemn moments in his plays where something is obviously wrong, but of the values and insights behind his wit itself. He stood unashamedly for aestheticism; and he asserted this now unfashionable doctrine in a series of amusing paradoxes which we are the more ready to write off as flippancies in proportion as we fail to take seriously their underlying idea. He was a jester by choice, a victim by destiny. And the ironic *persona* of such a man is harder to penetrate than of one whose moral earnestness is a fierce energy burning through his style.

We must start, then, with Wilde's theories. 'All art is immoral', he said, and again 'All art is absolutely useless'. But these *dicta*, at first sight the most suspect of his 'flippancies', must be considered together with complementary passages; for example: 'It is the function of literature to create, from the rough material of actual existence, a new world that will be more marvellous, more enduring, and more true than the world that common eyes look upon, and through which common natures seek to realize their perfection'. One must be on guard here, as so often, against apparently disquieting overtones. Though he sounds like an aristocrat, Wilde's socialism, as we are apt to forget, is genuine. 'Common nature' is no sneer at the *vulgus profanum*, but a courteous acceptance of the cultural potential of Everyman. What Wilde means is that Art is primarily concerned, by the laws of its making, with perfection, and that this is why it is said to be immoral by those who prefer squalor to beauty, or who sense an absolute gulf between respectable behaviour and the artist's insights. He also means that the artist is not a preacher but a maker, and that what he makes, being nearer to ideal than to everyday experience, will be entirely useless for exhortation,

propaganda, or in any manner that a utilitarian would understand.

The difficulty here, which Wilde purposely creates in order to be challenging, is one of terminology. In a deep sense he thought that Art is what we should normally call 'moral': that it is to do with order and beauty in perception and conduct, and with the ambition to make life itself a shaped and satisfying whole. He chose, however, to call this 'aesthetic' rather than 'moral'; he

handed the word 'moral' over to those most fond of using it, and to his mind the least entitled to do so, the puritans and kill-joys with whom he warred. The abandonment of the word 'moral' was meant to shock, but not to be taken at face value. If we remain at the literal level, we are mistaking genuine irony for flippancy. The temptation to make this error is precisely the technique upon which the irony depends, and falling for the temptation is, therefore, a failure of intelligence in reading.

The strategy of Wilde's terminology is easier to grasp when one remembers two more of the main distinctions he sees between Art and Life. Art is more ordered than life, he believes, and more beautiful. The supreme secret of beauty is form; which in men manifests itself as conduct, in nature as harmony, in art as style. Man and nature are always changing. The sunset no sooner appears than it starts to fade; the colours alter as we watch them. Only in art is the beauty which natural scenery and conduct no more than hint at given shape, significance, and the prospect of permanence; only the artist can give to the beauty he sees a form that moves it towards its

own ideal and preserves it from the erosions of change. His shaping intelligence heightens the meaning of beauty; the medium he works in is more enduring than both the occasion of his art, and himself.

Wilde thought that literary modes, as well as individual styles, are more shapely and satisfying than anything in our actual experience. The tragic, the heroic, the comic are triumphs of form which life, again, only hints at, and art alone can make real. 'Life', says Gilbert in *The Critic as Artist*, 'is terribly deficient in form. Things last either too long, or not long enough'. And so our characteristic experience of real life is of mixed motives, unforeseen outcomes, emotional *volte-face* — in a word, of muddle. When the artist imposes on this flux his own order, his very success deludes us into thinking that the tragic, the heroic, the comic have more real-life validity than they do. He holds the mirror up to nature, we say; we forget the degree to which he invents what seems to be reflected, and makes what is apparently seen. And so Wilde can go on to persuade us that the artist's pattern, though unnatural, and indeed because unnatural, is the 'true ethical import of experience', using the word 'ethical'



Caricature of Oscar Wilde (c. 1885) by J. M. Whistler

Birnie Philip Bequest: University of Glasgow

easily enough despite the games which he chooses to play with the word 'moral'.

Before I leave this stage of the argument, I must also draw attention to the last and most important difference between art and life of which Wilde was acutely aware. The tragedies of life have less shape than those of art, and more poignancy; outrage and impotence, grief and incredulity mingle with the classic responses of pity and fear. The participation of the spectator and of the actor is irrevocably different. Only in life itself are we actors, and then, Wilde would insist, very poor ones, in a bungled production and a feeble play.

Clichés Turned Inside-out

When Wilde's theories of art are in place, we can return to his wit and irony. His most characteristic habit is one of paradox. 'Work is the curse of the drinking classes', he writes, and naturally we are delighted, but why? Partly, no doubt, because the mere intention to shock by way of reversing a respectable cliché always is amusing. But the intention of shocking is only part of the story. The real joke is that the cliché Wilde reverses is itself hopelessly and perniciously stupid, so that there is irony at the expense of those who are actually shocked, as well as good-humoured laughter for those who are not. Do we really believe that drink is the curse of the working classes? Of course not. Do we say that we believe it? If we do, we deserve any fate a satirist might devise.

If we examine more closely the clichés which Wilde turns inside out, we shall see that almost always he has behind him either genuine insight (as in the theories of Art and Life I have already discussed), or genuine humanity (as in his great essay, *The Soul of Man under Socialism*), or genuine detestation of cant and humbug (as in his comedies, and much of the recorded conversation). What looks like, and is intended to look like, a prolonged flirtation with cynicism is, in fact, a running battle against obtuseness, hypocrisy, and cant. What seems at first sight an affront to responsibility is on second sight a jest at the expense of the pseudo-responsible.

A few quotations from Wilde's greatest, and most characteristic, success might bear out this claim. *The Importance of Being Earnest* is undoubtedly one of the funniest plays in the language. In appearance it is immensely cynical, yet the audiences who laugh are not, by and large, a crowd of cynics. The force of the wit can best be translated into questions addressed to ourselves. Are we the sort of person who parrots 'money doesn't matter', or accounts it for righteousness to those who do? 'I do not believe in mercenary marriages', says Lady Bracknell. 'When I married Lord Bracknell I had no fortune of any kind. But I never dreamed of allowing that to stand in my way'. Do we delight in telling people their faults for their own good? 'On an occasion of this kind', says Gwendoline, 'it becomes more than a moral duty to speak one's mind. It becomes a pleasure'.

Delicate Problem for the Critic

Wit of this order sets a delicate problem for the critic. It no more lends itself to analysis than champagne does. Attack is bound to seem heavy-handed, sober praise rather beside the point. But risking this, as one must: what is going on in passages like these? On the surface, there is aristocratic flippancy in the face of virtue, and, what is worse, flippancy reverberant with class-conscious overtones. If we did not know Wilde to be a man of humane instinct, we might take it all at face value. Yet look again, and where is the cynicism? Any of Wilde's epigrams could be transmuted into serious insight, and transplanted into the most moral of dramas or novels. Once more, the substitution of cynicism for responsibility is only apparent; the real challenge is from honesty to pretence, from generosity to meanness. It is hypocrisy he hates, and the cruelty bred of hypocrisy, never true disinterestedness or warmth of heart. His humour, though sparkling, is merciless to the moral poseur, whether he be Insider or Outsider, fool or knave. The unusualness of his irony is that the norms are to be found neither in what he says nor in the reversal of what he says, but in the confrontation of moral humbug parading as righteousness with moral good-heartedness parading as flippancy. His tone is so gay that conventional moralists could neither see, nor afford to see, what was really happening. As we know, they had

a fine revenge on him in the end; and their verdict, whether we like it or not, has influenced and obscured our view of his art, as well as of himself, ever since.

But when all this is said, a doubt remains. Is Wilde's shallowness only as apparent as I have urged? The temperament which poses as frivolous might be nearer to its pose than it assumes; the irony which works by concealing its moral credentials might start with precious few to conceal.

The problem is to see why decency should be so reticent about itself. To acknowledge this problem, and to offer an answer, brings me to my last port of call, the fascinating and unjustly neglected essay, *The Soul of Man under Socialism*. Wilde proceeds towards truth here, as he does in his aesthetic essays, by way of extravagant gestures in what he takes to be the right direction. 'The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism', he says. 'The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted'. . . . 'There is only one class in the community which thinks about money more than the rich, and that is the poor'. Such *dicta* appear to be at the expense of the poor, but the fact is they are no such thing; they spring from a sense of outrage which was the driving force of Wilde's socialism, and the force behind much that he wrote. The warmth and humanity of *The Soul of Man under Socialism* must be apparent to anyone who reads it with an unbiased mind, whether he agrees with the viewpoint, and is familiar with the background, or not. What I want to do here is to call attention to one of the many passages in which Wilde comes nearer than anywhere else to a direct statement of what he believes:

It will be a marvellous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flowerlike, or as a tree grows. . . . It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet while it will not meddle with others, it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us, by being what it is.

Wilde and D. H. Lawrence

A comparison of *The Soul of Man under Socialism* with D. H. Lawrence's essay *Democracy* might be instructive; though the terminology and the tone of the essays differ, the ideas are sometimes strikingly similar. Wilde, like Lawrence, believed in 'individualism'—in the fulfilment, that is, of the unique possibilities for beauty and fruitfulness which he took to be latent in Everyman. His socialism was grounded simply in the conviction that if private property were abolished, and poverty and public squalor eradicated, individuals would be free to develop naturally, and grow into their own unique stature.

It is apparent enough that this hope was tinged with utopianism, and expressed with little sense of the practical; Wilde himself would have been the last to deny it. Blake and Lawrence were also utopian and impractical. And yet in the case of Blake and Lawrence their dynamic decency survives this; their political ideas may be illiterate, but their grasp on human maturity is firm, and will be permanently admired. If one asks (as one must) why Wilde was unable to realize his own vision into positives as Blake and Lawrence did, the answer is probably twofold. On the one hand, he had less creative talent; on the other, he was a homosexual, and in the climate of the eighteen-nineties cut off from the possibility of discussing his personal experience with the freedom an artist needs. Perhaps it is not surprising that despite his generosity and vitality, the serious treatment of sexuality in the comedies should centre on a dark foreboding concerning the cruelty of society to its sexual misfits; and that he should generate for the Mrs. Erlynnes and the Mrs. Arbuthnots, who fall victim, little more than a breathlessly sentimental, and very largely useless, compassion. Society has traditionally forced on its oddities the role of jester, if not worse; the eunuch, the hermaphrodite, and the dwarf might have their private sanities, but they are likely enough to end up amusing a Volpone, or the readers of the Sunday press, as the case might be.

When one thinks in these terms, the coexistence of a warm and exuberant nature with a seemingly flippant and cynical style is no longer surprising. But though our first instinct is to mistake Wilde's pose for the reality, a more detailed reading convinces us that the final truth is better than this, and to be found elsewhere.

—Third Programme

Conspiring to Corrupt

By GLANVILLE WILLIAMS

THE case on conspiracy to corrupt¹, which was decided by the House of Lords last May, is a faint echo of the issue that divided England in the seventeenth century. It is an issue of perennial importance, going indeed to the basis of what we mean by law. In 1656, James Harrington expressed the republican and libertarian ideal as that of 'a government of laws and not of men'. The government of laws is government according to knowable rules, instead of government by the caprice of despots. It would be iniquitous if a man could be convicted and punished for doing an act which was not a breach of law when he did it. Iniquitous: and yet, according to the case I am about to discuss, it seems to be possible, even in the enlightened England of today.

A Publication and a Conviction

Let me give the facts of the case. The defendant, Shaw, conceived the idea of publishing a booklet containing advertisements of prostitutes. He first consulted the police to know whether this would be an offence, but not surprisingly they refused to give him an answer. So he went ahead and published. He was then charged with three offences, convicted of all of them, and sentenced to prison for nine months. The three convictions were affirmed on appeal.

Of two of the three I will say little. One was for publishing obscene matter. This conviction was clearly right, and it was enough to justify the sentence of imprisonment, and rendered the other convictions somewhat theoretical for the particular defendant. The second conviction was for the statutory offence of living on the earnings of prostitution. Whether the defendant's conduct fairly came within that statute is perhaps a more debatable point, but it is of much narrower interest than the next one, so I pass on. Shaw's third conviction was for conspiring with the prostitutes to corrupt public morals. This is the one that raises the problem with which we began. The crime of conspiracy was an invention of the Star Chamber, but it was afterwards continued by the ordinary courts of law. The Star Chamber claimed the right to act as keeper of the nation's morals, *custos morum*, and therefore punished any act that was thought to be sufficiently immoral and against the public interest to need punishment. How odd, considering the odium into which the Star Chamber fell, that the judges should adopt one of its principal inventions! They continued to claim the power to punish immoral acts, and, in particular, they continued to punish conspiracies to procure immorality or public mischief.

However, as time went on, it came to be seen that most of the types of conduct that the courts punished could be grouped under specific headings, such as conspiracy to defraud; and commentators suggested that the old general power of the judges to punish immorality and public mischief had disappeared, being replaced by the fixed crimes of the common law. The importance of Shaw's case is that it rejects this view. The House of Lords, with the notable dissent of Lord Reid, went back to the ancient authorities (and a few of modern times) for the opinion that the courts can punish according to a wide discretionary formula.

Makers of New Criminal Law

The judges do not put forward a claim to be free from law, or to make new law by judicial decision. Theoretically, at least, the task of making new criminal law is left to Parliament. Viscount Simonds, who delivered the leading speech in Shaw's case, vigorously repudiated any assumption of legislative power. 'Need I say', he asked, 'that I am no advocate of the right of the judges to create new criminal offences?' And he quoted Chief Justice Coke's well-known admonition to James I, which contrasted the rule of law under which we live in freedom with an

'arbitrary or uncertain form of government'. 'These words', said Viscount Simonds, 'are as true today as they were in the seventeenth century and command the allegiance of us all'. But the noble lord went on to assert that this did not prevent the court deciding in any particular case that the defendant was guilty of conspiring to corrupt public morals:

'In the sphere of criminal law I entertain no doubt that there remains in the courts of law a residual power to . . . conserve not only the safety and order but also the moral welfare of the State. . . . It matters little what label is given to the offending act. To one of your Lordships it may appear as an affront to public decency, to another it will seem the corruption of public morals. Yet others may deem it aptly described as the creation of a public mischief or the undermining of moral conduct. . . . The law must be related to the changing standards of life, not yielding to every shifting impulse of the popular will but having regard to fundamental assessments of human values and the purposes of society'.

This passage prompts a number of observations. If we live under a rule of law, and not under an arbitrary and uncertain form of government, the rules of law must be reasonably precise and knowable. They must not be so devoid of concrete meaning that no one can tell in advance of judgment whether an act is prohibited or not. If this is so, it is puzzling to find Viscount Simonds not caring whether the crime he was discussing was called a corruption of public morals or the creation of a public mischief. There is a difference between these two names, because the second is certainly wider.

Effecting a Public Mischief

The judges have, indeed, occasionally laid it down that there is a general crime of effecting a public mischief. Originally this was said only in conspiracy cases, that is, where two or more persons were involved, but in *Manley's* case in 1933² the court purported to apply the same proposition to an act by an individual. The facts were that a woman made false allegations to the police that she had been robbed, thus causing them to waste their time and bringing innocent persons into danger of suspicion. She was convicted of effecting a public mischief, though there was no previous authority for saying that the actual thing she did was a criminal offence. This case shows that the notion of public mischief is wider than that of corrupting public morals, for a single lie told to the police does not corrupt public morals, even though it causes inconvenience to the police and some danger to the innocent.

How can the judges say at the same time that they have no power to create new crimes, and that they may punish any acts that are deemed to amount to a public mischief? Is not the second statement a contradiction of the first? Does it not really mean that the judges do legislate? All the specific crimes, like burglary and arson, are prohibited because they involve a public mischief. If there is an omnibus crime of public mischief, the limitations which the law has laboriously built round the particular crimes go by the board. Everything is left to judicial discretion. So far as the criminal law is concerned, Parliament could go out of business, leaving it to the courts to decide what is bad for society and to punish people after the event for whatever is now condemned.

It was this habit of the judges, making up new rules and applying them to people retrospectively, that evoked the wrath of Bentham. 'It is the judges', he said, 'that make the common law. Do you know how they make it? Just as a man makes laws for his dog. When your dog does anything you want to break him of, you wait till he does it, and then beat him for it. This is the way you make laws for your dog; and this is the way the judges make law for you and me'.

(concluded on page 280)

¹ *Shaw v. Director of Public Prosecutions* [1961] 2 W.L.R. 897. ² *Rex v. Manley* [1933] 1 K.B. 529 (C.C.A.).

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

August 16-22

Wednesday, August 16

The Government asks wages councils for private industries to 'take into full account' the Chancellor's statement on a wage 'pause' when considering claims for more pay

Herr Brandt, chief burgomaster of West Berlin, tells a mass rally demonstrating against closing of the frontier by the East Germans that he has asked President Kennedy for political action 'instead of words'

Unions representing 300,000 industrial workers decide to reject the wage 'freeze'

Thursday, August 17

Britain and France announce measures to strengthen their forces in Germany

Western Governments protest to Soviet Government about restrictions imposed on Berlin

Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, is appointed Minister in charge of forthcoming negotiations between Britain and the European Common Market countries

The U.S.A. is to make available 20,000,000,000 dollars to nineteen Latin-American countries as part of a plan for raising their living standards

Friday, August 18

The American Vice-President, Mr. Lyndon Johnson, flies to Berlin

More Africans are killed in clashes with security forces in Northern Rhodesia

Saturday, August 19

Mr. Lyndon Johnson tells Berlin U.S.A. will stand firmly by its commitments

Russia rejects the protest by the Western Powers over Berlin

About 250,000 people demonstrate in Tunis for withdrawal of French from Bizerta

Sunday, August 20

West Berliners welcome 1,500 American reinforcements

Authorities in Hong Kong plan to inoculate entire population against cholera after several deaths from the disease

Monday, August 21

Sixteen people are sent to prison at Middlesbrough for their part in racial disturbances during weekend

The three railway unions put in claims for more pay

U.N. General Assembly begins special session to consider Tunisia's complaint against France over Bizerta

Tuesday, August 22

Dr. Adenauer pays visit to West Berlin
Chancellor of Exchequer meets T.U.C. leaders for economic talks

Goya's painting of Wellington reported missing from National Gallery

Death of Sir Charles Webster, the historian



Reinforcements for Berlin: British armoured cars and troop carriers arriving by train last week from another part of West Germany to strengthen the city's garrison. On August 21 British troops were for the first time deployed along part of the border between Berlin and East Germany, when the Communists started building an additional barrier



The military tattoo on the floodlit esplanade of Edinburgh Castle which preceded the opening of the fifteenth international festival. Right: visitors to the Festival looking at portrait bronzes in the Epstein memorial exhibition on view in the Waverley Market which has been converted into twenty-four 'rooms' for the occasion



Lyndon Johnson of the United States driving through West Berlin last week with 1,500 American troops on their arrival in the city. With him is Herr Willy Brandt, the chief burgomaster



Post Office Savings Bank centenary. Colours: purple, red, brown, and white (on sale from August 28)



Conference of European Postal and Telecommunications Administrations. Colours: brown, orange, pink and white (on sale from September 18)



A helicopter hovering over the bowl of the Jodrell Bank radio telescope as it removed some scientific equipment last week. This method of removal saved the station from being put out of commission for about a fortnight



Australian Test cricketers rejoicing when their wicket-keeper Grout catches Cowdrey (England) at the Oval, London, during the first innings in the last match of the series, which ended in a draw



Harris (white shirt, left) scoring Burnley's second goal in their association football match against Arsenal at Highbury. The result was a draw, 2-2. Attendances on the opening day of the new season were reported to be down by 100,000 on last year

(concluded from page 275)

In saying this, Bentham was not entirely fair: eloquence and truth often part company. It is not a true analysis to say that the judge privately resolves to impose a new law, and then craftily waits for someone to break it before inflicting punishment. The reality is that the judge has not thought about the question until it comes up; and when he decides the case, he purports to interpret the law and not to make new law. But whatever the judge purports to do, if the offence he is applying is very vaguely worded, his decision must wear the appearance of legislation, and retrospective legislation at that.

A Vague Idea

Let me put a hypothetical case to illustrate the vagueness of the idea of public mischief. A pushing salesman visits women in their homes, and induces them to buy, on the spur of the moment, some expensive domestic appliance on hire-purchase terms. When the husband comes home he finds that his wife has mortgaged the family income for months or years ahead with a payment which they cannot afford. I think this form of salesmanship is a public mischief, and if I were a Member of Parliament I should vote for legislation to stop it. But that does not mean that it would be proper to prosecute the firm or the salesman for an offence of public mischief under the existing law. To do that would be unjust to the individual, and would mean that the courts were taking over the function of Parliament.

If we look beyond our own shores, we can observe a general reaction against allowing judges to declare new classes of criminal acts. Britain, and some of the countries overseas that have adopted the common law, are now the only civilized states where the judges are permitted to do this. Even the Soviet Union, which formerly allowed the courts to create crimes by analogy, repealed this provision in 1958, and now restricts crimes to those offences expressly provided for by law. The English Criminal Code Commissioners who drafted two ill-fated codes in the nineteenth century proposed the same rule. So does the Model Penal Code now being prepared by the American Law Institute. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, pronounced in the United Nations in 1948, states that 'no one shall be held guilty of any penal offence on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offence at the time when it was committed'. One could go on with this kind of list. Our own failure to come into line makes a poor international showing.

Unfortunate Case

Shaw's case, then, seems to be unfortunate because it gives fresh currency to the idea that the law contains an offence of public mischief. This appears not only in the speech of Viscount Simonds but in that of Lord Tucker, with whom all the Law Lords except Lord Reid concurred. Lord Tucker said that in his view a conspiracy to corrupt public morals is indictable as a conspiracy to commit a wrongful act which is calculated to cause public injury. The last words seem to approve the wide notion of public mischief. It remains to be seen, in view of the authority attaching to a decision of the House of Lords, whether the offence of public mischief will now be given a new lease of life

and extended beyond the field of sexual morals. Even sexual morals are notoriously the subject of differences of opinion. Who is to decide what is permissible and what is punishable?

I have spoken as though, in administering a nebulous crime like conspiracy to corrupt or public mischief, the judge is the arbiter; but he must work in co-operation with the jury. Viscount Simonds, indeed, with the concurrence of some of the other Law Lords, seemed to speak as though the whole function was that of the jury. He said: 'In the case of a charge of conspiracy to corrupt public morals the uncertainty that necessarily arises from the vagueness of general words can only be resolved by the opinion of twelve chosen men and women. I am content to leave it to them'.

Assuming that this is an adequate statement of the legal position, which one may doubt, it is not easy to reconcile with the noble lord's earlier words, that the law must not 'yield to every shifting impulse of the popular will' but must have regard to 'fundamental assessments of human values and the purposes of society'. Is there any surer way of yielding to shifting impulses of the popular will than to entrust every case as it arises to the decision of twelve people picked at random? It is all very well to call the jury 'chosen', but they are chosen only with a pin, or in some equally irrational way. Across the Atlantic, Judge Jerome Frank characterized jury-made law as 'capricious and arbitrary, yielding the maximum in the way of lack of uniformity, of unknowability'. He went on to say that 'if anywhere we have a "government of men", in the worst sense of that phrase, it is the operations of the jury system'.

Despotism of Untrained Groups

In the ordinary criminal case, where the jury have to decide, under the direction of the judge, some specific question such as whether the defendant committed larceny or burglary, the jury may be competent enough. But it is an altogether different thing to leave the jury to say whether they think the defendant's conduct was a public mischief, for the purpose of making him punishable. How can we trust twelve householders, summoned without any discrimination, to arrive at what is in effect a legislative decision which pays due regard to the fundamental assessments of human values and the purposes of society? How can such a decision, which is not only retrospective but is law only for the particular defendant, satisfy our idea of equal and impartial justice? To entrust the defendant's liberty to a jury on these terms is not democracy; it is certainly not aristocracy; it is the despotism of small, nameless, untrained, ephemeral groups, responsible to no one and not even giving reasons for their opinion.

The difficulties caused by Shaw's case do not end here. The speeches in the Lords refrain from deciding the question, which has remained open too long, whether the procurement of a public mischief by a single individual is an offence—that is to say, whether *Manley's* case is still good law, which some judges have doubted. If the courts draw a distinction between conspiracy by a plurality of persons on the one hand, and individual conduct on the other, a distinction certainly drawn in some fields, there is little sense in it. As Lord Morris pointed out in Shaw's case, it was the defendant

who conceived and carried out the plan of producing the booklets, and the fact that his money-making scheme involved the co-operation of others added little to the social mischief. Suppose that Shaw had had a private printing press and had issued the advertisements without consulting the prostitutes, selling the booklets himself. In that case there would have been no conspiracy, yet the social mischief would have been precisely the same. However, if we strike out conspiracy as a requirement, the law becomes even worse defined than it is.

The regrettable feature of Shaw's case is that it seems to bring to a halt the progress we were making towards certainty in the definition of crimes, and in particular that it seems to give new life to the discredited crime of public mischief. At the very least it establishes a crime of conspiracy to corrupt public morals, without giving any clear indication of the kind of morality referred to. When Parliament recently extended the jurisdiction of the House of Lords to hear criminal appeals, some of us hoped that their Lordships would use their position of pre-eminence in the legal structure, as they did on a celebrated occasion in 1935, to free the lower courts from bondage to ancient precedents which over-extend the criminal law. The hope, at least, remains.—*Third Programme*

From U.S.A. to Cuba

(concluded from page 267)

generally regarded as the right wing, always trying to tone down Fidel's romantic exuberance). There is no reason to suppose that Fidel accepts socialism just to pay the communists for their help. Once he was committed to a genuine instead of a phoney land reform, and to a genuine, not a phoney, struggle with dollar imperialism, what course was open to him except to introduce a planned economy?

I was much struck by the extreme negativism of orthodox opinion in America. Orthodox Americans, of course, are against imperialism, against poverty, and against oppression. But they seem also to be against all means to deal with them that involve anything that can be called 'communism'. They never say what it is that they are in favour of.

When pressed, it is not really the planned economy that the American critics of Castro object to so much; it is the example he is setting to the rest of Latin America. But if everything in Cuba is so horrible, why should the example be enticing? One cannot but suspect that what really alarms them is the prospect, ninety miles from their shores, of a community free from race prejudice, free from unemployment, free from hunger. And if this can be achieved without tyranny, without censorship, without closing the night clubs, it makes it all the more dangerous.

If only the Americans could see for a moment how they appear from the other side of the looking-glass, perhaps they would think again.

—*Third Programme*

The first number of *Contrast* (price 3s. 6d.), the television quarterly edited by Peter Black and published by the British Film Institute, has now appeared. Produced on glossy paper and illustrated, it contains articles by J. B. Priestley, Philip Purser, and Leonard Miall.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Children and the Myths of War

Sir,—In my opinion THE LISTENER of August was absolutely first-class, except for one serious blot. It was disfigured by the publication of a talk by Mr. John Rae, which was a disgrace to the B.B.C., to THE LISTENER, and the country which, hating war, did most to free the world first from Prussianism and then from Hitlerism.

Imagine that abler pens than mine will demolish Mr. Rae's arguments, which are mainly old, old heresies which, in the nineteenth century, were advanced by those decadents who were largely responsible for allowing Hitlerism to gain impetus.

Yours, etc.,

Street

R. J. O. MEYER

Sir,—I came in late to the broadcast by Mr. John Rae on the above subject; what I heard was so intriguingly intriguing, so that I was very glad to find (as indeed I had hoped might be the case) that it was reproduced in THE LISTENER. I congratulate, and thank heartily, Mr. Rae for the contents of his talk; the B.B.C. for broadcasting it, and THE LISTENER for publishing it *in extenso*?

How eminently sane was his approach to the subject! If only we could be sure that a proportion of listeners and readers, agreeing in principle, would be willing to join him in propagating these views, and so increasing the number of 'committed' persons. Then we might hope that 'public opinion' would be influenced, 'conditioned' if you will, to become a more alive and effective instrument for 'peace making'.

The tragedy is that each new generation arises without experience of the futility of war; and enters into an already prepared atmosphere in which the 'inevitability' of war is axiomatic. All we need more for combatting this recurring process by a definite programme of education, emphasizing, as Mr. Rae has done, the true nature of the war myths.

Yours, etc.,

Harrogate

LAURENCE LARTER

Sir,—In his talk 'Children and the Myths of War' Mr. Rae cogently describes our condition in relation to the idea of war; he suggests some remedy which does not mean 'that we should bring up our children as pacifists'.

If not, why not?—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

W. LEVY

Sir,—If what I have said is true of this country . . . it is not difficult to imagine the sort of war propaganda that is absorbed by the children of China or Egypt or East Germany', said Mr. John Rae in his talk 'Children and the Myths of War'. But the fact is, they absorb less. The children of Egypt and China, unlike their cousins in western Europe, do not have ready access to cinema, television, and cheap paper-backs, which

—as Mr. Rae himself asserts—are the main sources of the insidious glorification of war and violence. At five o'clock, when the English child is curled up in front of his television set watching men die violent deaths, the children of the Egyptian and Chinese peasants are helping in the fields, thinking (if thinking at all) that, if the weather holds, next year they will not go hungry. Healthier images, healthier thoughts!

As for East Germany, there is not a scrap of evidence to support the view that war is glorified in children's eyes more there than (say) in Western Germany. Indeed, in Communist countries in general there is (side by side with the glorification of Soviet military power) much effort expended both in literature and by means of public processions and displays to glorify labour: the man who—whether behind work bench or tractor—produces more is magnified to heroic proportions. This is an antidote to militarism which does not exist in western 'mythology'.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, S.4

VICTOR COWAN

Modern Buildings in St. Marylebone

Sir,—I read with interest Mr. Ian Nairn's excellent article in THE LISTENER of August 3 on modern buildings in St. Marylebone. He is a most amusing writer and entitled to his opinions (extremely wittily expressed) about the structure of the roof at Rutherford School. One glaring inaccuracy, however, cannot be excused in an architectural critic of such perception. There is no curtain walling in the building. The teaching block is a pre-cast concrete structure and the divisions between the windows are the structural mullions which support the building.

We will happily explain the purposes of the roof structures to Mr. Nairn, if he wishes.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

LEONARD MANASSEH

p.p. Leonard Manasseh & Partners

Poussin's 'Et in Arcadia Ego'

Sir,—May I contribute a small footnote to Mr. Geoffrey Agnew's excellent talk on Poussin's painting at Chatsworth (THE LISTENER, August 17)? He mentioned in the talk as actually broadcast that the invention of the precise phrase 'Et in Arcadia Ego' had been ascribed to Giulio Rospigliosi (afterwards Pope Clement IX). However, this suggestion, which was first mooted by Professor Panofsky, is open to very considerable doubt; space does not permit me to particularize here, but there are two defective links in the chain of argument. It is of course true that if (as seems quite likely) Poussin's *later* rendering now in the Louvre was painted for Rospigliosi, the latter could indeed have played some part in the particular twist given to the subject-matter in that work. As regards the invention of the celebrated phrase itself, however, the fact remains possible—and even probable—that both Guercino (whose version of the sub-

ject can very well have been painted as early as 1618) and Poussin himself (in the Chatsworth picture of about 1630) had a common and still earlier source which has not yet come to light.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

DENIS MAHON

Sickert's Portrait of Zangwill

Sir,—Miss Dimson's letter (THE LISTENER, July 27) has such a disturbing air of finality that I hesitate to dissent from all she writes.

Her statement that Sickert did not use a landscape background in his portraits until 1904 is demonstrably false. A self-portrait, reproduced from a pen-drawing in the *Year's Art* for 1898, shows Sickert in bust-like profile to the left, silhouetted against a Venetian architectural background. Furthermore, so similar is this drawing to the Zangwill that they must be almost contemporary, a fact which annuls Miss Dimson's compositional argument for placing the Zangwill close in date to the Mrs. Swinton series.

Miss Dimson suggests that the figure of Zangwill was painted from a photograph, because of the 'reduced tonal pattern and the two-dimensionality of the figure'. One could equally argue, however, that the two-dimensionality is the inevitable result of the chosen profile pose; that the tonal simplifications and sombre colours, as well as the sallow features, pre-existed in the sitter; that the 'remote and conceptual' aspect is a vital and deliberate part of its characterization, for this portrait is as much symbolic of Zangwill the Jewish writer as it is a representation of his features. The Ghetto background is not merely a pictorial convention, nor a memory-image of Venice (I find it difficult to believe that it was painted 'with the motif still alive in the painter's eye', for does not the motif lack several additional stories to be topographically accurate? I prefer to consider it a studio recreation, like the romantic and freely painted backgrounds to the later portraits of Mrs. Swinton); it is also a symbolic backdrop, giving palpable expression to the caption of the *Vanity Fair* cartoon of February 25, 1897, 'A Child of the Ghetto', itself the title of a Zangwill short story set in the Venetian Ghetto and first published in *Cosmopolis* a few days before Sickert's cartoon.

I think it much more likely that the portrait was painted soon after the cartoon, rather than taken up seven years later, in Venice, from a photograph. In any case, Sickert at this period was fully preoccupied with his interiors and landscapes in preparation for his exhibition at Bernheim-Jeune. As almost all his Venetian work was shown in Paris in 1904, or later in 1907, why was the Zangwill absent? Does not this omission further indicate that the picture was not painted in Venice in 1904?

It was not omitted because Sickert decided to send it to the New English Art Club. He was little concerned about the work he showed there

in the years 1901-06 (the other submission in November 1904, 'Der Fliederbaum', was hardly representative of his recent activity). I suspect that it was left behind in England, possibly with Ellen Cobden, who continued to help Sickert a great deal after their divorce in 1899. This would explain the lapse of time between its date of execution and its exhibition.

Finally, I am assured by Sickert's closest friends that he never carried blank canvases from one country to another. All the Venetian pictures of 1903-04 are on continental-sized canvases, and none measures 24 inches by 20 inches.—Yours, etc.,

Windsor

RONALD PICKVANCE

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Private Life of Sherlock Holmes'

Sir,—I am grateful to those who have written to me with advice and corrections concerning *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (THE LISTENER, June 22). To my question about the presence of a bath in 221B, Mr. Alan Howard replies with a quotation (from *The Disappearance of Lady Frances Carfax*) in which Holmes

compares the 'expensive Turkish bath' indulged in by Watson with 'the invigorating home-made article'.

This surely was a tub with cans of water, hot or, if invigoration was the aim, cold. The Baker Street houses, named after Sir Edward Baker, who assisted Mr. Portman to develop the Portman Estate, were 'mostly built between 1785 and 1800', according to Mr. Harold Clunn, author of *The Face of London*. There would have been no bathrooms then: nor, I believe, would one have been inserted before 1880 or early in 1881, which so studious an authority as Mr. Vincent Starrett gives as the date of the Holmes-Watson arrival at 221B.

In his erudite and entertaining book on *Victorian Comfort*, Mr. John Gloag says that bathrooms were commonly introduced to London houses 'before the close of the century'. That may have occurred at 221B but it is a fair guess that for most their tenancy Holmes and Watson cleansed and invigorated themselves with a hip-bath and cans supplied by Mrs. Hudson or her page-boy. Baths would have been much needed after that scrambling escape and two miles nocturnal run over Hampstead Heath described in *Charles Augustus Milverton*.

But unfortunately the narrative goes straight on to breakfast and morning pipes and says nothing of the cleaning-up process.

Yours, etc.,

IVOR BROWN

London, N.W.3 (Heart of the Milverton Country)

Sir,—Mr. Ivor Brown, in reviewing *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, asks: 'Was there a bathroom [in 221B Baker Street]? Was there any mention of either of them ever having a bath at all?'

He must, for the moment, have forgotten how Watson recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the night Bartholomew Sholto was murdered—'A bath at Baker Street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully'.

In the circumstances we may allow that Watson had a hot bath; but in the eighteen nineties, and 1888 the year of the affair is near enough, normally in the morning a cold bath would be *de rigueur*.

Incidentally, the bathroom at 221B Baker Street was upstairs.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, W.2

PETER ALEXANDER

The Ballad of the Mermaid of Zennor

Where grey Land's End repels the sky
The granite boulders stand
Reared in a column. There they lie
Laid by a giant's hand,
And there the ascending seabirds fly
Beyond the last of land.

The shallow hills reflect that grey,
The walled-infields are bleak.
The road from Zennor winds its way
West, in a barren streak,
Shunning the softer forms of day,
Forgetting what men speak.

Who stands upon that farthest ledge
And sees the Atlantic break,
Back through the fields with stones for
hedge
His Eastward way will take
To Zennor's valley and its pledge,
A legend cut in teak.

The tale in teak has worn away
These last five hundred years
But still the church of granite grey
Its haunting music hears
While fields are singing or obey
The silence winter wears.

The black teak near the chancel stands
And shines there like a shell.
The boy above her dripping hands
Had sung too well, too well.
The mermaid dragged him to her sands
And bound him with her spell.

HE: 'Why break, why break, unending waves?
O take me, lead me home!
The stones I long for are your naves
Where Cornish folk would come,
But here black wood, in secret caves
The darkness of the foam!'

SHE: 'Come down, come down from that high
chair,
That hook with hassock hung;
Climb from the sailors' swinging stair,
Leap from the bottom rung.
Now throw your life into my care
And be forever young.

For you and I as one must be,
A mermaid and a boy,
Joined in the always moving sea
Where dolphins leap for joy.
Forget the stones, the starry tree;
The thought of graves put by.

This music hovered round your soul
Before you first drew breath,
And those its caul has covered whole
Shall never come to death,
Long though the murderous seawaves roll
With many and many a wreath'.

A thousand tides, a thousand tides,
And bridals on the hill.
The sunken ships with broken sides
Lean over and are still.
A granite church the seaweed hides;
Its aisles the fishes fill.

HE: 'Why break, why break, unending waves?
O take me, take me home!
Down to your stones, along your naves
The worshippers have come.
But mine the night, the secret caves,
The darkness of the foam!'

SHE: 'Bend down, bend down, and hear my
wood:
None was more sweetly strung.
The tenor boy who fell was good.

I heard his golden tongue.
He raised my spirit from the flood
And on his voice I hung.

His music pierced my heart, and then
I called him from the sea.
He left the church, he left the men,
He stood upon the quay.
The long rope ladder held him then,
And then the rope went free'.

But was it he who heard her sing
Or did she first hear him?
Black as bright teak the cormorants fling
Up from the waves they skim
The silver fish, and mussels cling
And close above the hymn.

The mermaid knows what no man knows
The secrets of a shell,
The pearl on fire, the breaking rose,
The murmuring, foundered bell
Whose sound through singing chambers
goes
Crossed by the tingling swell.

And every adolescent knows
How searching is that song
And how mysteriously it flows
Plucked from a death so young
When unborn years with passion close
The casket of the strong.

SHE: 'However long the waters roll
Longer my love shall be,
Nor shall you leave my burning soul
Torn by the moving sea,
Though all the bells of Zennor toll
And say you died for me'.

VERNON WATKINS
—Third Programme

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

NOTHING SO WICKEDLY alerts the English sociological subconscious as a 'Members Only' notice with its intimations of entrée or of exclusion. Getting into the right art club is made more hazardous by the unfortunate instinct of the public for remembering an artist by the work he began with, and cavilling as soon as it enlarges or varies his style. But as the English show more allegiance to emotions than to facts there has been less clubbing and grouping than in most countries. Group-labels have indeed from time to time been used, but have rapidly lost any precision they might have had in the week they were coined: the New English Art Club now looks no more 'new' than does New Bond Street. So it is really rather easier to name the exhibition of British abstract painting at the New London Gallery 'New London Situation'. It is a mobile title which can be picked up and carried on in return to its sequel or indeed to an exhibition which might fairly claim to show something of what is going on most actively at any given moment.

Here is a number of individual artists, some familiar, others less so. There is an over-all air of bright enthusiasm about this exhibition. About the only generalization which can be made is that the works are essentially large scale pictures in that they need a predetermined environmental programme—given white walls it must have been an easy exhibition to hang. Of the work by more established artists the two paintings by Henry Mundy seem to me to be the richest and most satisfying. 'Various Style 1961' and 'Indicator 2, 1961' make wider historical and figurative allusions than the pictures around them which often make a point of excluding such references.

The picture-constructions of Peter Stroud, with their refined sensuality of colour, and the collage-painting of Gwyther Irwin, with its beautiful skin-surface which carries the whole form of the picture, are both as much examples of a 'painterly' approach as the more frequently noted types of contemporary *tachisme*. Both artists are concerned in their different ways with light as the subject and substance of their work. Mark Vaux, John Hoyland, and Peter Corviello contribute convincing paintings which employ more theoretical ideas without losing their personal identity.

Re-hanging pictures in the Tate is an activity

no less open to criticism than selecting the England Test team. The current shuffling is caused by removals and new arrivals and fresh doors and staircases. The chocolate-coloured Gallery XVII, which has been housing the more

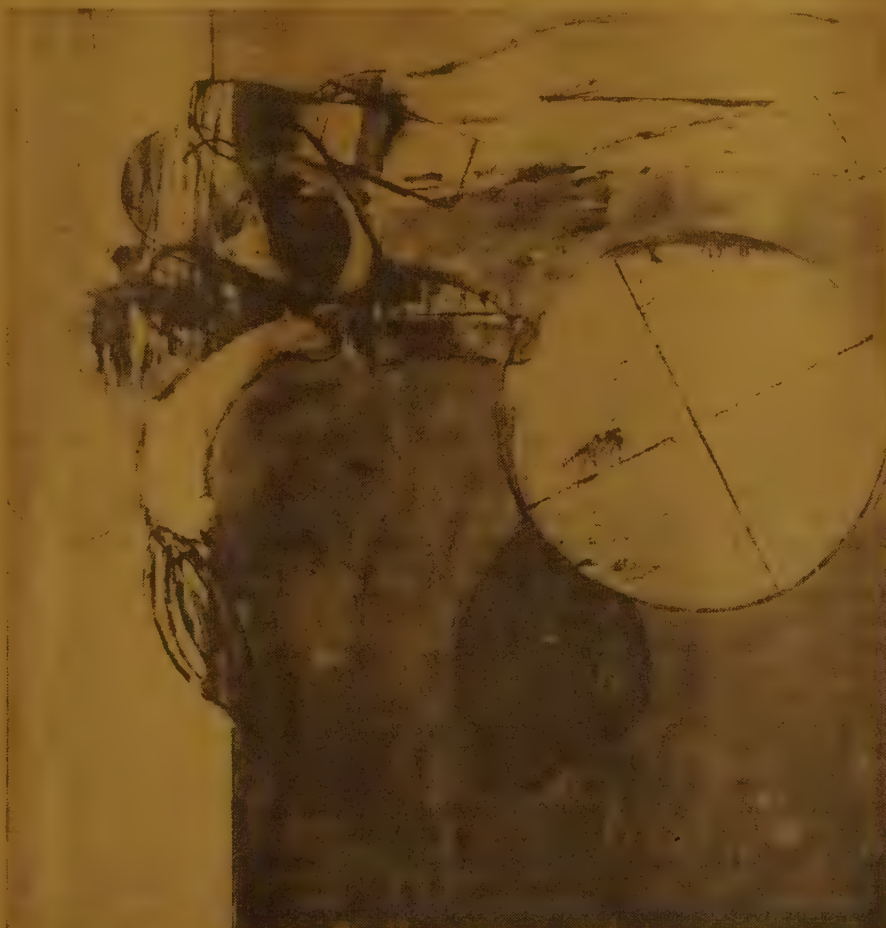
Gallery XXIII has five Bacons, two Sutherlands, and two Ceri Richards to wake things up and make the high ceiling less of an embarrassment. The Nicholson and Pasmore reliefs in the next gallery look more memorably crisp and cool

and concerned with something that matters in art, while in the two opposite corners hang pleasing footnotes of Euston Road development. Gallery XXV is the most exciting, partly for the mixture of English and Foreign schools and partly because its faults are as glaring as its felicities. However temporary and expedient, there is no excuse for insensitively jamming Giacometti's 'Portrait of Diego'* between two works which make nonsense of its space and of its sense of gravity, even though they are an intense Lucien Freud and a crisp Picasso collage.

But the most imaginative and encouraging of the Tate's own acquisitions is Raymond Parker's 'Orange' and 'Orange and Magenta', 1959. Well hung, alone, but at right angles to the new Scott, it is set off by the latter's perhaps too insistent surface encrustation. The Parker is seen to be a liquid but crystal-clear 'poesy' of colour harmony, painted with firmly controlled but free brushwork. The three red 'clouds' of paint colour reveal subtleties of shape and area and varying density. Each colour is not quite pure; painted possibly into a wet,

white-paint ground, it picks up a milky, matt quality which does not wholly smother the effect of transparent or rather penetrable mass.

A sharp rebuke is given to our belated collecting policy by the loan of a Mondrian from the Gemeentemuseum, though this is slightly offset by the recent important acquisition of Braque's 'Still Life with Fish', circa 1910. As the only analytical cubist still life in a British public collection it is long overdue: without being an absolute masterpiece it is nevertheless a formidably imposing and satisfying work—even though it is seemingly unresolved and there are indications in the handling, in the types of brush stroke employed and in the layers of paint which are visible, that Braque may have worked on it over two or three years. Anyone who thinks of cubist painting in terms of lack of emotion should consider the mobility of the main vertical axes in this picture, which spread their planes like spiral-staircases, or watch the changes in colour-concentration which are like warm shadows moving across a landscape.



'Indicator 2, 1961', by Henry Mundy: from the exhibition at the New London Gallery, 17 Old Bond Street, W.1

or less contemporary British art in little nests of idiosyncrasy, has been given over to English eighteenth-century painting. The walls are sprayed a lovely optical grey which might have come off Gainsborough's palette. Fine. The British art thus displaced has been broken up from its grouping and given more space in the galleries where late the sweet Impressionists and post-Impressionists hung, thus giving present work a chance to rise or fall by remembered international standards and also to establish a sense of scale. This scale, which is not a matter of size, occasionally informs British painting but it is too often smothered by the air of prissiness which still hovers like the potent floor polish in the gallery where the Sickerts and the Johns are shown.

The sculptures and paintings in Gallery XXIV look slightly scattered and ethereal on pale mauve, and only Dalwood's large 'Object' holds things down; William Scott's 'Still Life', the weightiest painting there, is skied above a piece of academic portrait-sculpture.

After 'The Movement'

BERNARD BERGONZI on English poetry today

UNTIL RECENTLY the accepted version of the history of English poetry in the twentieth century would have run something like this: by about 1900 the impetus generated by the great Romantics a hundred years before had degenerated into *fin de siècle* preciosity, and it was soon to peter out altogether in the amiable trivialities of the Georgians.

'Make it New'

But in 1910, or thereabouts, 'modern poetry' was triumphantly launched by the arch-innovators, Pound and Eliot. A completely new note began to appear in English verse; it had many progenitors—the French symbolists, the English metaphysicals, the Jacobean dramatists, not to mention Japanese and Chinese poetry—but it was, above all, *new*; 'Make it New', wrote Pound, in a phrase which might have been a slogan for the Modern Movement. And this poetry was so new that it was naturally derided by philistines and reactionaries. Nevertheless, it went on from strength to strength; Pound wrote 'Maunderley' and started on the 'Cantos', while Eliot produced 'The Waste Land', the quintessentially 'modern' poem. In fact, 'The Waste Land' had no successful imitators; but its technique of free or at least highly irregular verse forms, isolated groups of images without visible links, cryptic allusions, and the disappearance of a clear element of rational or paraphraseable meaning, were all to be highly influential on poets writing in different styles. The late Victorians and the Georgians, with their conventional subject-matter and humdrum technique, came to seem impossibly old-fashioned. After Eliot (so runs this accepted version), there appeared Auden and Spender and the 'pylon' school of the nineteen-thirties, and then the neo-romantics such as Dylan Thomas and George Barker, whose work was imaginatively richer and more subjective. Nevertheless, all these different poets were, in their various ways, continuing and enlarging the 'splendid progress of modern poetry'.

A Revolution Betrayed?

Since I was strongly conditioned by this view when I came to be interested in modern poetry about fifteen years ago, I find it hard to say, simply, that it is wrong. But at the same time it is becoming increasingly difficult to hold in such a simple and clear-cut form. Both the poetic practice of the last ten years, and recent criticism, suggest that it needs modifying, because there are plenty of signs that a counter-revolution has arrived. Something of this sort was foreseen as long ago as 1948 by that passionate modernist, Sir Herbert Read. In the preface to a new edition of his little book, *Form in Modern Poetry*, he complained, like Trotsky, that the revolution had been betrayed, that the youngest generation were not interested in following the example of the pioneers, Eliot, Pound, Sir Herbert himself. 'One can only conclude that these poets have never stood where we stand,

nor seen what we see, nor felt as we feel', he wrote.

Sir Herbert would have had even more cause for complaint if he had written three or four years later, when the movement among young poets which for some reason became known as *the Movement*, with a capital M, was getting under way. Now that we are moving into the nineteen-sixties it is becoming possible to see this remarkable phenomenon in perspective. I call it remarkable, not because it produced any great poems but because it was responsible, in a very short time, for a uniformity of idiom of a kind which had not been seen in English verse since the eighteen-nineties. And in certain central aspects this idiom was decidedly unmodern. It had been an article of faith from about 1920 onwards that the regular iambic line, and traditional stanzaic forms and rhyme-schemes, had been so exhausted by the late Romantics and Victorians that it was doubtful whether they could ever be used again by English poets.

Back to Formal Meters

This, certainly, was the attitude of dedicated upholders of revolutionary orthodoxy like Sir Herbert Read. But the Movement poets were happily writing in strict iambic pentameters and in the tightest of stanzas, not to mention such ancient and extremely artificial forms as the villanelle and *terza rima*. Donald Davie, one of the most accomplished of these poets, remarked in a magazine article in 1955 that 'nothing is more remarkable than the way counting of syllables has come blandly back into poetic practice after being for so long held in scorn'. Again, it had been a modernist tenet that a poem did not need, and indeed ought not to have any more, a core of argument and logical progression: a 'music of images' or a 'logic of feeling' were to be preferred. The Movement poets, however, were eminently rational in their approach to writing verse; their poems may not have been very passionate—as hostile critics were quick to point out—but they did write in the syntax of ordinary discourse, and their meanings were, for the most part, readily apparent.

As I have said, the Movement did not lead to any great poems. But it did produce in a short time a sizeable body of extremely decent verse, amid much that was obsessively minor. In general, the level of writing in the nineteen-fifties was substantially higher than in the previous decade, even though there were no soaring peaks. Poems such as Philip Larkin's 'Church Going' or Donald Davie's 'The Garden Party' caught something of the essential mode of feeling of the mid-'fifties at least as effectively, and, I think, in a more coherent manner than, say, *Room at the Top* or *Look Back in Anger*. But the Movement was in essentials a short and curiously clear-cut chapter in the history of English verse. The first unmistakably Movement book of poems was John Wain's *Mixed Feelings*, which appeared in 1951, and the last, as far as

I am aware, was Laurence Lerner's *Domes Interior*, which came out early in 1959.

It was not difficult to predict, in the late nineteen-forties, that some kind of neo-classicism, a concern for the poem as a made thing, rather than a vatic communication, would sooner or later appear on the poetic horizon just as the apocalyptic neo-romanticism of the war years had superseded the politically and socially orientated verse of the nineteen-thirties. I can remember in 1947, at the age of eighteen, thinking that a neo-classical movement would surely arise as a reaction against the deliquescent romanticism reflected by a magazine such as *Poetry Quarterly*. I remember that I thought this would come about when economic and social conditions in the West became more stable, and that it might follow on the success of the Marshall Plan, which had just been instituted.

Call for a More Objective Approach

In 1949 the newly founded literary magazine *Nine* called for a more objective approach to the business of writing poetry—it upheld Pound as the great exemplar—while early in 1950 an editorial in *Poetry London* demanded 'first-class workmanship rather than the prophetic tone' and called for more satirical verse and 'occasional poems with a bite and edge to them'. Within a few years one was to get little else still, this request was indicative of the way things were going. Later in 1950 John Wain published an article in *Penguin New Writing* on William Empson, at that time a neglected poet. This led to a remarkable vogue of Empson's work among young poets at Oxford, and to a lesser extent Cambridge, in the early nineteen-fifties. Some of Mr. Wain's own poems were very Empsonian in form and language—one of them was called 'Eighth Type of Ambiguity'—though they were less Empsonian in spirit. Only A. Alvarez in a handful of poems written nearly ten years ago was able completely to emulate the full Empsonian tortuousness.

Yet if Empson's work had not many successful imitators—and it was denounced for its obscurity a few years later by Robert Conquest in his introduction to the Movement anthology *New Lines*—the fact that a poet like Empson could be admired at all was significant in itself. From this one could deduce a good deal about the nature of the neo-classical reaction: intellectuality, formal complexity, wit, and a dry laconic tone became admired qualities.

Academic Origin

Though Empson was a Cambridge man, I think it fair to say that the Movement originated in Oxford, either among young men who were undergraduates there in the early 'fifties, such as A. Alvarez, Jonathan Price, Anthony Thwaite, and George MacBeth, or among those who had graduated a few years earlier, notably John Wain, Philip Larkin, and Kingsley Amis, whose earliest work had appeared in the Oxford review

Andrake during the late 'forties. From its origins the Movement had a distinctly academic flavour: when *New Lines* appeared in 1956 it was noted that all the nine contributors were Oxford or Cambridge graduates, mostly in English literature, that five of them were academics by profession, and a sixth, Mr. Wain, had only recently ceased to be one. If the characteristic poet of the war years had been a lonely serviceman, desperately writing poetry to make sense out of an alien and incomprehensible world and of the immediate post-war period, or a reckless Bohemian of the Dylan Thomas type, then the typical young poet of the 'fifties looked like being a university teacher, with appropriate professional mannerisms.

It is tempting to speculate about why the Movement took the form it did. In its stress on style, on elegance even, it may have had something to do with those other cultural manifestations of the early 'fifties that marked the first move away from post-war dreariness: the Festival of Britain architecture, for instance, and a revival of Edwardian dress. The Oxonian origin of the Movement also makes me wonder whether one can make cross-references to that other Oxford phenomenon of the 'fifties—linguistic philosophy. There are obviously certain features in common: the stress on meaning, the desire for precision and clarity, and the sense that it is better to make small exact statements rather than large vague ones. The reputation of the cloudy gestures of traditional romanticism seems to have paralleled the philosophers' rejection of traditional metaphysics; Kingsley Amis's poem, 'Against Romanticism', with its preference for neat gardens as against wild landscapes, might well have found a sympathetic response among linguistic analysts.

There was, too, the philosophic interest in the process itself, in what is involved in 'doing philosophy'; this was echoed by the Movement's extreme self-consciousness about the business of writing poetry: twenty-five per cent of the poems included in *New Lines* contained the words, 'poem', 'poet', or 'poetry'. Yet fascinating though these speculations may be, the most one can safely say is that both the Movement and Oxford linguistic philosophy are clearly products of the same intellectual climate.

The Influence of Robert Graves

But to return to more specifically literary questions; if Empson dominated the earliest years of the Movement, it was Robert Graves who was to prove the more influential poet. There is surely something symbolic in the fact that Graves should have followed Auden in the chair of Poetry at Oxford; Graves was one of Auden's earliest influences—indeed Graves contained that Auden stole from him—though Graves's reputation has taken much longer to mature. From the start there was something two-faced about the Movement. In its Empsonian aspect it was modern, for Empson must certainly be regarded as a modernist—see how difficult he is—and George MacBeth, who is now moved a long way from his early commitment to a highly complex form of Movement verse, has argued that the publication of Empson's *Collected Poems* in 1955 marked the end of the phase of modern poetry that had opened with the appearance of 'The Waste Land' in 1922. Certainly, the Empsonian cult

of the early 'fifties did not survive the publication of this collection. But when the Movement poets followed Graves they were, in effect, making a gesture towards poetic traditionalism. Graves is a very fine poet, but he is undeniably traditional in manner. His poetic style was formed by 1914 (before the publication of 'Prufrock', that is) in what was basically the Georgian idiom, and though he has constantly refined and purified his manner since then, he has always remained totally unaffected by the example of Pound and Eliot; indeed, he vigorously derided them in his *Clark Lectures*.

Today the Movement has ceased to exist, but Graves's poetic reputation has never been higher. If Graves was partly responsible for the Movement, it may also be that the Movement helped to prepare for Mr. Graves the great esteem he now enjoys, by making his kind of poem more familiar. Yet I cannot feel that Graves's present status is entirely a question of his own genius as a poet. One has also to consider such straws in the wind as the fact that a paper-backed anthology of Georgian poetry was recently published. And then there is the prodigious success enjoyed by that cunning *pasticheur* of minor Victorian modes, John Betjeman. Public taste, at the moment, is very much for a traditional idiom.

An End and a Beginning?

One of the legacies of the Movement, once the intellectual wit and the formal tricks had been left behind, was precisely this undifferentiated 'traditional' style. Recently I had the interesting experience of reviewing within a short time the last book of poems of a distinguished Georgian survival, the late Frances Cornford, who died last year in her seventies, and the first book of a recent Oxford graduate, Jon Stallworthy, who is still only in his mid-twenties. There were marked differences, but the resemblances were much more apparent; both Mrs. Cornford and Mr. Stallworthy seemed to have found a common language for poetry, and it was a language which bore no traces of the modernism of forty years ago. It may well be that in the future the Movement will be seen both as the final phase of the modernism of 1910 and the first phase of the counter-revolution which restored the traditional language of English verse. It had that kind of ambivalence about it from the start.

There have been some interesting parallels in recent criticism. I have already referred to Mr. MacBeth's claim that the Modern Movement was finished by 1955, and Graham Hough, in a recent book of essays, *Image and Experience*, has argued that Modern Poetry was a short-lived importation that had nothing to do with the central tradition of English poetry, and that 'The Waste Land', the central monument of modernism, was not, in fact, a good poem at all. A. Alvarez, though a convinced modernist, has also argued, in *The Shaping Spirit*, that the achievement of Pound and Eliot was essentially unrelated to the English tradition since it was an attempt to find a language for American poetry. Mr. Hough, if I have interpreted him correctly, would see the main line of our poetry as running from Hardy and the Georgians, via Graves, to the present time, with the Eliot-Pound experiment as a short branch line leading nowhere. I tend to resist Mr. Hough's

contention, largely no doubt because of the conditioning which I mentioned earlier. Mr. Hough makes some shrewd thrusts at 'The Waste Land', but I still cannot see it as a failure. Perhaps my final desperate line of defence would be to say that if the 'Cantos' or 'The Waste Land' are failures, it is because they tried to do too much: which is not a bad way to fail.

Back to Nineteen-Ten

However, there can be no doubt that the poetic practice of recent years backs up Mr. Hough's claim impressively. When we see what has been happening since the Movement declined, then it does begin to look as if we were back in 1910, with young Mr. Pound and young Mr. Eliot still nowhere in sight. Mr. Hough himself, as if to clinch his argument, has recently brought out an admirable volume of his own elegant traditional verse. Admittedly, the modernist spirit is still not quite extinct; Donald Davie has moved, with characteristic independence, straight from the Movement to a modified symbolism, and his recent long poem, 'The Forests of Lithuania', bore the marks of a dedicated though intelligent allegiance to Pound.

But, in general, anyone who still wants the authentic modern article will have to import it from America, where, as Alvarez has made clear, the modern idiom has become the standard language for American poetry. There, they have no traditional idiom to revert to. In America the language of modernism is used in a variety of ways; travestied by the Beats—though Lawrence Ferlinghetti has a certain impressiveness—or employed magnificently, as in some of the recent work of Robert Lowell or John Berryman. At the present time, poetry in English has certain affinities with the contemporary jazz scene, with 'traditional' and 'modern' schools uneasily co-existing, traditional in England, modern in America. The pleasures to be got from reading the English brand of traditional poetry are not to be lightly dismissed—after all, it is our very own kind of thing. But at the same time I am glad the resources of American modernism are still there to be tapped when one wants them.

—Third Programme

Seeds of Song

Thrown on neglected earth
The seeds of song lie hid
Like things of little worth
Of which the world is rid.

Their tender nurse is then
The wild and winter snows
And the blind beating rain;
Where they lie no one knows.

When other creatures grow
And the bare boughs are leaved
They sleep, and are as though
They had not been conceived.

And time will out of these
Raise up so great a crop,
The all-kindled chestnut trees
Will cower beneath their top.

HAL SUMMERS



The chef's nightmare

A MORE OR LESS apocryphal story about a young dramatic critic at Oxford tells how he would, in restaurants of reasonably refined moeurs, order and eat an ice-cream, the main course and the soup, in that order.

This is all very well for a critic. But it is very worrying for the chef. Tradition and training tell him that this is against the natural order of things, and incidentally takes no account of his efforts to plan a logical sequence of courses.

There's a similar problem of precedence when you pick up *The Observer* on Sunday. Here is a veritable beanfeast of ideas and articles and features. But where should one start?

Beginning at the end

Does one begin at page one, and work steadily through? This isn't a bad answer, but it lacks enterprise, and so it is out of harmony with the paper itself. And there is, incidentally, a good case for starting at the very end, for this is the page that carries 'The Week', a useful digest of news that brings you up to date with the events that you may have missed.

Clearly the main course on the menu is news, real news. But why start with the main course? How about a wry Feiffer cartoon, or a Paul Jennings fantasy, as an appetizer? And then there's the effervescent fashion-writing of Katharine Whitehorn, if you're a woman. Or if you aren't.

Unexpected insights

You might turn first to the financial expertise of the City pages. Or to Table Talk's unexpected insights into the lives of the great, and the talked-about. It may be that you will head straight for *The Observer Profile*. Or you may begin your Sunday-morning feast with the review pages; Kenneth Tynan, Maurice Richardson, Philip Toynbee and A. Alvarez are among the famous names who provide fare that is rich, rare, and never over-sweetened.

But in the end, and this is where the culinary analogy breaks down, you will probably decide that it doesn't much matter where you start reading *The Observer*. The important thing is to start!

J.B.I.

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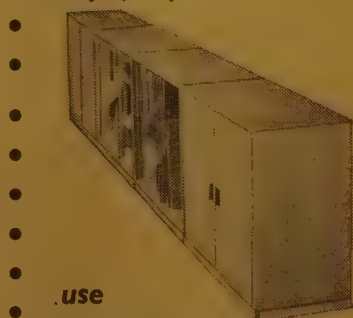
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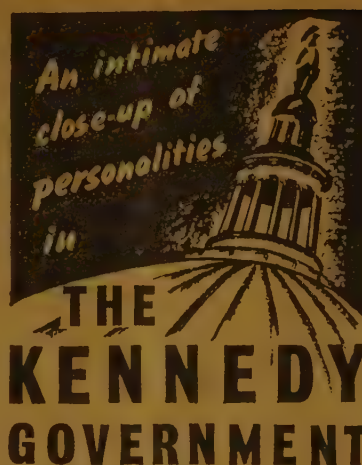


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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Classical Temper: A Study of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. By S. L. Goldberg. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Reviewed by GRAHAM HOUGH

'CLASSICAL' IS NOT THE WORD that springs to mind in speaking of *Ulysses*, but Mr. Goldberg is not idly attaching a label. He is exploring Joyce's sense of the classical, and showing that this is the spirit in which he approached his own art. The 'Classical Temper', as it is understood here,

accepts the ordinary world of humanity as the primary object of its attention and endeavours to see it and present it steadily and whole. It seeks patiently for . . . an artistic method, that, while it begins with the local and the concrete as its foundation, enables it to penetrate beyond them.

To see Joyce in this light is to dismiss the symbolist, the mythologist, the technical sleight-of-hand man, and to concentrate on the novelist: *Ulysses* must stand or fall by the breadth and humanity with which it presents genuine common experience. For Mr. Goldberg the imaginative assent we give to Joyce's art depends on the truth and power of Bloom and Stephen as images of genuine human predicaments.

This is a saner and less gimmicky view of Joyce than we are generally presented with. It is Mr. Goldberg's strength that he has preserved his sense of what life and literature are like outside the Joycean magic circle. He knows all the Joyce scholarship without getting buried in it. He speaks with authority, and convinces one that he has the right to do so. But this is not an easy book to read. The argument is extremely close, it is addressed to the reader who knows *Ulysses* well—knows a good deal of the surrounding documentation too. It begins with a detailed examination of Joyce's own aesthetic theory—in its three stages, as presented in *Stephen Hero*, *Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses* itself. Mr. Goldberg argues, to my mind quite conclusively, first that Joyce's theory of art was a weightier and more central one than is often supposed; and secondly that it has no truck with 'symbolism' in any of the usual literary senses. Joyce sets himself firmly against the idea that literature is the direct revelation of a world of spiritual essences. Any revelation must be reached by telling the truth about the here and now: and it is this kind of truth, not mythology or structural elaboration, that is always the foundation of his art.

The way is now clear for vindication of the dramatic and human value of the characters of *Ulysses*. The book has been seen as morally neutral, without any suggestion of values; or as destructive irony, a final rejection of the world it portrays. With great patience, good judgment and sensitive reading, Mr. Goldberg disposes of these views. Of course Bloom and Stephen are treated with irony, but the irony is not total. Stephen is a self-absorbed prig; but he is learning; and he is presented with the right degree of detachment. The Joyce who is writing *Ulysses* is not the Stephen Dedalus of the novel; he comprehends but stands off from this earlier

predicament. Bloom is limited, cramped in his world of newspaper catchwords and advertising slogans; but not quite bounded by it. And his essential sympathy and decency are subtly but firmly brought out by contrast with the other characters. What might be called the mechanics of the book—the Homeric parallels, the elaborate system of thematic cross-references, all the complexities of organization that Joyce confided to Stuart Gilbert—are really quite secondary. Some of these devices are important and Mr. Goldberg shows us how; some are little more than perverse intellectual ingenuities.

I have put this as bald summary; but none of it is unsupported opinion. Everything is closely argued; earlier critics are courteously but firmly dealt with; and many of the demonstrations seem to me as near conclusive as a critical argument can well be. I don't mean that I happen to agree with them, but that all the evidence has been taken into account, given its due weight, and the logical conclusions drawn. It is possible to disagree with some of Mr. Goldberg's tastes: he is harder on Molly Bloom than I should want to be; the sheer comic force of *Ulysses* is forgotten for long stretches; and the value of the parody and mimicry is rather underplayed. But his main conclusions are I think inescapable. They result in the fullest and most balanced judgment on *Ulysses* that I know. Among all the mass of ingenious Joyce commentary there has been very little real criticism: *The Classical Temper* makes good use of all that has been done already—and then advances well beyond it. It is a model of how this kind of work should be done, and it almost restores one's faith that criticism might be a progressive discipline.

Colette. By Elaine Marks.

Secker and Warburg. 27s. 6d.

Colette is superficially well enough known in England. As the author of the *Claudines* and *Chéri*, of *Gigi* and *Ripening Seed*, her name has become a by-word for the limited, sensual, feminine novel, clever but claustrophobic. Less widely appreciated are the complexity and complete originality of a writer who did begin her career in this way, but who ended it by being justly regarded as one of France's national glories.

There are good reasons for this partial insular view. One is an unavoidable fact of life: every reader tends to find or not to find what he is already looking for. Another is fortunately being remedied by the laudable efforts of Messrs. Secker and Warburg, and perhaps when some of her later works are translated, Colette may be promoted from her present position of First Lady of the harem. Or perhaps not. For most of her genius lies in the extraordinary poetic quality of her prose style. If Proust called her 'Maitre' it was to this that he paid tribute. She had a uniquely acute vision and delectation of living things, and her life was an odyssey in search of the precise words, the inevitable rhythms with which to make them concrete. Compared to the flavour of the original, any translation, however competent, has the taste of an over-ripe pear.

The only slight reservation which might be made about Miss Marks's otherwise excellent book is that she does not always insist on this poetic quality, which can illuminate even the most banal-sounding plot. Apart from this, hers is a much-needed assessment of Colette's work as a whole, thorough and yet lively, level-headed and stimulating, and although brisk in manner, ingeniously covering most of the essential aspects of a writer whose works it is impossible to fit into any one *genre*.

MARGARET DAVIES

The Struggle for Penal Reform

By Gordon Rose. Stevens. £2. 10s.

The Crusade against Capital Punishment
By Elizabeth Orman Tuttle. Stevens. 30s.

Dr. Rose's book is in the main a history of the Howard League for Penal Reform and of the two societies, the Howard Association and the Penal Reform League, from which it derived by fusion. The title, however, is fair; the whole range of penal reform is surveyed from 1866, when the Howard Association came into being, to the present day. It is an encouraging study, not indeed because everything in the garden is wonderful—far from it—but rather because, in this age when we are being castigated by an increasing number of Cassandras, prophesying woe, so many people are demonstrably anxious about the welfare of the least worthy of their fellow citizens. The aims of the reformers today are much the same as they were in the days of the Howard Association. They still aim at 'the application of the reformatory idea to adults—classification, productive work, progressive grades . . . and adequate supervision on discharge'. They no longer aim at the segregation of prisoners, as did the founder of the Association, William Tallack, and they have pressed for other reforms in their day, such as legal aid and time to pay in cases where a fine has been imposed.

The history of the struggle for penal reform is well told, and it will be read by criminologists and other interested persons. The book, however, has a wider interest, which Dr. Rose brings out in his final chapter. It may be taken as a case history of a pressure group. The members of the Howard League do nothing but support it financially. The actual 'pressure' is exercised by a very small number of people. They have established the League as a reputable body; they have the right contacts in the Houses of Parliament; they collect the relevant information; they mobilize public opinion; they are listened to with respect. It is odd how much can be effected by how few.

The Howard League has always been against capital punishment—at any rate, officially, and Mrs. Tuttle from Tulsa, Oklahoma, describes the crusade of the abolitionists since the beginning of the nineteenth century. In the days of Romilly humanitarianism and precaution joined hands. When juries refused to send a man to the gallows for breaking and entering or forgery, the potential victims were all against the death penalty. When capital punishment

was, in effect, confined to murder, the situation changed and the House of Lords became adamant in favour of hanging. The later phases of the story make fascinating reading, culminating in the crazy compromise of the Homicide Act of 1957, which satisfies nobody. Mrs. Tuttle's book is a good one, and it, too, raises side issues. When, one longs to know, is the time 'ripe' for a change? How do the politicians judge ripeness? You can't squeeze time as you can a peach. If public opinion is to be the test then it is doubtful, as Chuter Ede once remarked, 'whether at any time in the last hundred years, a plebiscite would have carried any of the great penal reforms that have been made'. One cannot help thinking, after reading this book, that the unripeness of time and the hostility of public opinion are used as excuses to safeguard the politicians' own prejudices.

W. J. H. SPOTT

Divinity and Experience: The Religion of the Dinka. By Godfrey Lienhardt. Oxford. 42s.

The study of African religions was raised to a new level of subtlety and seriousness by Professor Evans-Pritchard's superb work on the Azande and Nuer; Mr. Lienhardt (a lecturer in African sociology at Oxford) has tried to follow in his footsteps in this study of the religion of the Dinka, a pastoral people of the Nilotic Sudan who are neighbours of, and sometimes inter-marry with, the Nuer. For his intentions Mr. Lienhardt deserves praise; but unfortunately the execution falls short of his aim.

This is in part due to the quality of his field-work; we are not told under what conditions this was done, save that it took place between 1947 and 1950, nor even if he was working as a trained anthropologist. The material he discusses comes from many different parts of Dinkaland and, save in one case, there seems no connexion between the rituals and the persons described, so that religious behaviour is only very tenuously connected with the rest of tribal life; except for the text of hymns and a few myths there is no verbatim material, and the half-dozen photographs are quite inadequate; both his recording devices and his approach to anthropological field-work seem to belong to an earlier era. Secondly, his theological and psychological sophistication seem to be inadequate to the task he has set himself.

Had his model been less ambitious, this study of Dinka religion would have gone some way to filling a gap in our knowledge of this tribe and area. The Dinka are organized into patrilineal clans of two sorts: the warrior clans and the priest clans (in what proportion we are not informed); and the heads of the priest clans, the Masters of the Fishing Spear, are the most important of the intermediaries between Divinity and the people. Their position is validated by elaborate mythology, which Mr. Lienhardt gives in detail. These Spear-Masters function as sacrificers, as diagnosticians of the causes of illness and misfortune, and, apparently, as judges. They would seem to have a concept of Truth, rather than righteousness, as the supreme value, and so to accept a value system similar to that described for the Great Russians, and, probably, for the Pharaonic Egyptians. Traditionally, and perhaps still today, outstanding Spear-Masters ordered themselves to be buried alive, when they felt their death approaching,

in a symbolic maintenance of the life of the tribe. This material on the Spear-Masters, the second section of the book, is of considerable potential interest; but a great deal more documentation than Mr. Lienhardt has been able to provide is necessary before a reader can either accept or controvert Mr. Lienhardt's interpretations.

Besides this singular institution, the Dinka seem to share most of the other religious practices found in Negro Africa: Free-Divinities who manifest themselves by possession; clan divinities with totems which are treated with respect; prophets; magicians who work with fetish bundles; and it would seem, though they are only referred to parenthetically, malicious witches. Apart from this last, Mr. Lienhardt describes a few examples of each type, and attempts an analysis of their functions. He rejects the traditional contrast of 'sacred' and 'profane' as inapplicable to the Dinka, and argues that their theology and religious practices reflect their experience of their internal and external worlds. The theoretical chapters are suggestive but lack the detailed documentation which compels acceptance of Professor Evans-Pritchard's interpretations.

GEOFFREY GORER

Our Times, 1900-1960

By Stephen King-Hall. Faber. 28s.

Sir Stephen King-Hall has long been well known to the British public as naval officer, as liberal politician and writer, and above all as spokesman of English parliamentary democracy. Now, at just under seventy years old, he gives in this book his own conspectus of world history during his own lifetime.

It is, as one would expect, an individualist picture. Its main theme can be said to be the break-up of the Pax Britannica which, in Sir Stephen's view, was the dominating factor in nineteenth-century history, and all that followed therefrom—the wars, slumps, treaties, revolutions, culminating, to date, in nuclear armament and all that this implies. It follows from this that much the greatest space is given to wars and to the policies which either led to or followed immediately upon wars; Sir Stephen does not, it is true, omit 'home fronts' altogether; but the treatment given to what he calls 'The British Revolution', the New Deal in America, and Russia since the civil war (forty pages out of 340 for all three combined) is meagre compared with, for example, the four full pages given to the Battle of Jutland alone. This preoccupation may in part account for the total omission of any account of the freeing of India and Pakistan—the half-dozen side-mentions refer to it as an accomplished fact. There are six pages on France since General de Gaulle came to power, four on the Chinese Republic, and a longer chapter summarizing recent developments in various parts of Africa. The last-named, however, is practically the same length as an angry chapter on Suez—a proportion the author would presumably defend on the ground that Suez was the final phase in the ending of British world power.

The book must, therefore, be read for what it is, and not for what it might have been had the author written it with other considerations in mind. Accepting this, it must be said that it is easy to read, written in a lively, not

to say jaunty style, employing a large number of short sentences, semi-slang phrases, and exclamation marks; that its summaries, even where almost intolerably brief, are accurate so far as they go; that it gives evidence of first-hand knowledge and contact with those who know, which always helps to make history interesting; and that Sir Stephen's comments, as his story unfolds, are sensible and illuminating even to those who may not entirely agree with them. It is only in the final pages that Sir Stephen takes sides in a current controversy and reveals himself as a firm supporter of unilateral renunciation of nuclear weapons.

This should be a good book to give to a teenager with little knowledge of history. It is a pity that it did not manage to include even one map of the changing world, nor any sort of bibliography for those who would like to know more; but the publishers are to be congratulated, in these days of dilatory book-production, on giving it to the world so soon after completion.

MARGARET COLE

British Broadcasting in Transition

By Burton Paulu. Macmillan. 35s.

The Living Screen. By Roger Manvell. Harrap. 15s.

Television by Design. By Richard Levin. The Bodley Head. £4. 4s.

Television Jubilee. By Gordon Ross. W. H. Allen. 21s.

Television in the Lives of our Children. By Wilbur Schramm, Jack Lyle and Edwin B. Parker. Oxford, for Stanford University Press. 32s. 6d.

Of these five books only the first, a sequel to the same author's *British Broadcasting* of 1956, is quite satisfactory. Dr. Paulu, of the University of Minnesota, examines our present state of affairs with a scholar's exemplary accuracy and more than a scholar's sense of what it is interesting and valuable both to include and to exclude. His particular object is to study, as a dispassionate but fascinated outsider, the effect of the advent of commercial competition upon a corporation that had previously enjoyed more than thirty years of monopoly. It is pleasant to be able to report that everybody concerned emerges with considerable credit, both B.B.C. and I.T.A., and above all the whole national system with its delicate balance of non-interference and control. It is not part of Dr. Paulu's task to compare British results with those in his own country; but, reading between his lines, we find small reason to be displeased. Naturally one differs with him here and there upon degrees of emphasis: one may believe that he quite underestimates the importance of the Third Programme, and largely fails to appreciate the significance of the regions. But these criticisms in no way seriously detract from an admirably balanced and readable survey.

The Living Screen is a straightforward handbook to the relative characteristics of both cinema and television, couched in simple language and providing such things as synopses of television plays, extracts from scripts, tabloid information upon production, censorship, programming, criticism and so on. It is adequate

and informative up to a certain level; but beyond that it suffers from a rather plodding earnestness, a feeling that everybody ought to be forming discussion-groups about everything.

With hundreds of photographs and glossy paper throughout, *Television by Design* is much the most sumptuous of this batch (as it is the most expensive). The author is B.B.C. Head of Television Design and the title is misleading—it should be *Television Design or Designing for Television* or something like that. It is in fact a liberally illustrated text-book, addressed to the very small class of television designers. Your reviewer found this one, like its title, a bit 'gimmicky', and that the pictures, as so often in 'glossies', tended to inhibit communication rather than lubricate it. The final impression is perhaps mainly a sense of dismay at all the

devoted expert planning and care, the high technical skills, that go into the production of, say, a half hour's musical show that is as worthless as it is ephemeral; together with a sense of disappointment at the visual quality of all these hundreds of stills, which in this respect compare ill with similar collections from the cinema.

Television Jubilee is a compilation by a professional book-maker (I presume), in the sense in which this implies inaccuracies, apparent self-contradictions, and a low literacy-level; e.g. for the first, Ramsay MacDonald is described as Prime Minister in 1927 (page 16); for the second, 'The dazzling [studio] light in his eyes made him feel unwell' (page 23), and 'the dim light necessary for television' (page 26); for the third, 'What a great part animals have since played in television programmes—David Atten-

borough, Peter Scott, Armand and Michaela Denis' (page 24). Aldous Huxley's attitude to twenty-four-hour television, in *Brave New World*, is described as *lyrical* (page 56)! The narrative, if one can so call it, is principally supported by cosy, blurry anecdotes whose point resides, not in what was done, but in who did it.

Television in the Lives of our Children is an exhaustive and exhausting American counterpart to the pioneer British study of Himmelweit *et al.*, published in 1958, and reaches conclusions that are very closely similar. It has all the sociological characteristics—the meat-axe categorizations ('pleasure-oriented' versus 'reality-oriented'), the endless tabulations, the utter unselectivity. But expert skippers (grasshoppers, not sea-captains) will find interesting passages here and there.

HILARY CORKE

New Novels

Some Angry Angel. By Richard Condon. Michael Joseph. 21s.

The Key. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated by Howard Hibbett. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

The Exile of Capri. By Roger Peyrefitte. Translated by Edward Hyams. Secker and Warburg. 18s.

Tselane. By J. Louw Van Wijk. W. H. Allen. 18s.

THE THEME OF *Some Angry Angel* is the Dreadfulness of Life. Dan Tiamat soars to fame as a newspaper columnist, loses the job because he drinks, and winds up with polio, publicly cursing God and writing vicious answers in the futile lonelyhearts column he has been given. The main give-and-take of the plot concerns a pair of incestuous Cubans: a seductive sister who unwittingly precipitates the sickly lunge of Fortune's wheel that takes Dan to destruction, and a lunatic brother with a machete up his sleeve who finishes him off. It is all quite mad, and seems even madder because during much of the book Mr. Condon displays a sharp eye and a felicitous style. He is handy with dialects, Dickensian personification, descriptions sharp and acid as photographs by William Klein, and effective lightning character sketches; above all, he is too fertile to quote with justice. It is his imagination that runs away with him, his style in hot pursuit (what, for instance, is the significance of the puerile verse printed as prose that peppers the book like so many Little Birds in *Sylvie and Bruno*?).

I am ready to believe that Mr. Condon intends (despite the sub-title: 'A Mid-Century Faerie Tale') a serious study in some kind of non-tragedy, but he does it with such solemn shrieks of horrific and violent laughter that the reader, if genuinely wanting to be moved and impressed, can do very little but be jolted along his relentless switchback of the absurd. Mr. Condon is the dynamiter of the new American writers: he drills holes in his story and blows it up with his prose. Where this can be sometimes funny or shocking, it does tend to produce a certain precariousness in what could have been a perfectly solid narrative: as though O'Hara were to be revised by Perelman.

The Key, though written by a seventy-five-year-old Japanese novelist of distinction, reads very like something young and French: it has the soberness of the *nouveau roman*, and the same sort of concentration that cuts like a scalpel down to the bare bones of human activity. The reader is locked into the story as into a room ablaze with light where the characters single-

mindedly pursue their obsessions. As a book totally about sex, it is the most unerotic that I have ever read. A husband, fearing the decline of his sexuality, contrives by drugging his wife (whose old-fashioned Japanese education has rigidly preserved her modesty) to indulge his voyeurism to the degree of being at last capable of having a satisfactory connexion with her. The wife, at first not fully aware of what is going on, imagines that this new sexual vigour belongs not to her husband but to a friend who is half-heartedly courting their daughter, and to whom she is unconsciously attracted. The husband, arranging his own jealousy as a further stimulant, encourages her to appear to be unfaithful to him. The sexual encounters begin to fall into a strange ritualistic pattern: the wife and the friend drink Courvoisier alone together, she faints in a convenient warm bath and the husband arrives to administer her sedative and perform his ambiguous but potent role, endlessly kissing her feet and taking nude photographs in provocative poses which he asks the friend to develop for him. The story is related by the interleaving of extracts from the diaries kept by the couple (and which each imagines the other to be secretly reading). It makes a grim tale, with a good deal of the intensity and irony of the best Japanese films. The events proceed through illness and deceit to death. Which of the pair, we finally ask ourselves, has been more selfish? This is an unattractive, clinical and clever novel.

The Exile of Capri is basically an over-long piece of pederastic nostalgia, a gossip-column fifty years old, but it has so effectively been disguised as a brilliant kind of spoof literary biography that one is grateful not to have to record dissatisfaction with such an accomplished writer: neo-Corvine fantasy undiluted would be too much. M. Peyrefitte takes us to the Capri we glimpsed in *South from Naples*, bequeathed by the Emperor Tiberius to the aristocratic perverts of pre-1914 Europe. The hero is a poetaster, Jacques d'Adelsward-Fersen, gone into exile after being tried for composing sexy *tableaux vivants* of little boys in his Parisian

boudoir. Someone in the course of the book attributes the success of the *Ballets Russes* to the example of Jacques's notorious *messes roses*, and it is on this bold level that fact and fiction are exhaustively intermixed. Wilde, Colette, Claudel, Gorki, Lenin, Saint-Saëns: M. Peyrefitte casts his net as wide as it will go, and if the result lacks verisimilitude, it never quite becomes preposterous, and it is often funny. The author is just too bland to smirk ('an American Major had had the two wedding rings of his recent marriage blessed by Pius XII, but had omitted to explain that the bride was one of his Lieutenants') so that Catholic 'camp' in his calm and witty style becomes bearable. With such an excellent sense of period, it is a pity that there is not that extra layer of sharpness in the irony to convince one that the author is not in fact half in love with the world he created.

Tselane is a simple but well-written novel about a pregnant girl from a village in Basutoland who is chosen as the victim for a human sacrifice and is forced to run away to find her husband who is working in the mines at Bloemfontein. The horror of her journey rivals the horror she is fleeing from: the events leading to her trial as the murderer of her own child are convincing and gripping. The villain of the piece is persuaded to appear in court: the shrewd witch-doctor who had pandered to the superstition of his young chief in helping him to find *diretlo* (a potion made of parts of a human being) to enable him to beget an heir, provides a suitably melodramatic core to the novel (which is, however, based on fact). In her emphasis on the wickedness of such primitive superstition, Miss Van Wijk is perhaps betrayed into a neglect of the real ugliness of the South African situation. Her incidental exposition of the clichés of the situation ('And if we chase the white people into the sea as you have said, where will we get schools then?') is exemplary. The novel is what it is. It would be churlish to criticize it for not being more challenging.

JOHN FULLER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

It's a Fact

ONE OF THE difficulties in criticizing documentary programmes is that it is impossible for anyone except a very elderly critic to know enough about all the subjects treated.

The sorts of criticism I should like to make—sweeping, massive generalizations based on obviously superior knowledge; or, on the other hand, minute references to obscure and esoteric points—are both denied me. Perhaps it is a good thing. But it does mean that the criteria used in criticism should be overhauled sometimes, if only to see whether they are there at all.

One criterion that I find useful is simple to the point of naivety. It is that in a good documentary the factual content should outweigh the non-factual. This may sound absurdly obvious; but in thinking back (and there has been more thinking back than looking in this week) I have been able to trace various dissatisfactions to a failure of this sort. Where fact is outweighed by opinion the result is likely to be an impression on the viewer's part that he is

being converted rather than informed; and a sign of such a lack of balance is an undue reliance on the part of commentators and reporters on rhetoric.

I was forced to this examination of first principles by the programme 'Africa Now' (August 14). I don't know much about Ghana,

interpretations. My own interpretation is that it expressed, at different times, whole-hearted agreement, ironical disbelief, and sheer astonishment. An unusual example of economy of language.

'Polaris' (August 17) was a repeat, but an interesting one. Ed Murrow's face expresses sheer astonishment almost all the time, but it is the sad rather than the surprised or ironical sort; the result, one feels, of intense curiosity satisfied by too much knowledge. I wish I could have seen such an intelligent expression on the faces of any of the men concerned with the creation, manufacture, and testing of 'Polaris'.

The account of the failures and ultimate success of the testing was, in its horrid way, exciting. Count down—three . . . two . . . one . . . zero. Nothing happens. Cut to disappointment on chaps' faces. Count down again. Cut to tense anxiety. Finger presses the button. Swoosh and martial music as the thing goes up. Success at last, glee and congratulations for the 'wonderful gang'. I would have been more impressed by this programme if the treatment, technique, and presentation had been less like a



From 'Ghana', first in the series 'Africa Now': President Kwame Nkrumah being greeted by hereditary chiefs

and would have been unable to judge the accuracy of this account of conditions in Ghana after ten years' self-government. But it struck me as being both informative and fair-minded. The photography was excellent. At no point were we told that something was the case without being able to see for ourselves. We saw the enormous popularity of President Nkrumah, and also some of the reasons for it. He appears to have outstanding charm, humour, and strength of personality. Perhaps because the programme knew it was good, it had the self-confidence to move at a fine pace. Slow documentaries are terrible—the self-consciously educational sort which rivet you to the face of a professor struggling to put into twelve small words the research of twelve years, while you in turn are afflicted with *folie de doute* (was it really 10,000,000 cells per minute, or 10,000, and if so, why?).

'Africa Now' had all the virtues of a good documentary. The only objection I have is that Christopher Chataway's 'umm', which he used a lot when talking to William Abraham of All Souls, is open to a variety of



From the Canadian National Film Board's *The Days of Whisky Gap* on August 16: above, a trader selling whisky to an Indian; below, Mrs. Sarah Card, who left Utah in 1889, when she was eighteen, to settle in western Canada



From 'City under the Ice' on August 15: roofing a trench in the ice which will house the nuclear reactor that supplies light and power to the American military Camp Century under the Greenland Ice Cap



John Curre

commercial on the theme of 'my Polaris is bigger than yours'.

'Tonight' had its brilliant moments as usual. It is particularly good at putting together a quick and concise portrait of a person and his achievements. Last week (August 14) it was the turn of H. G. Wells who prophesied or foresaw television and washing machines. On August 16 a Nottingham schoolboy said, with evident sincerity, that parents are not interested in their adolescent children; and two days later Cliff Michelmore made a derogatory reference to sociologists. Which is a shame, because I was going to say that 'Tonight' has made some excellent contributions to sociology.

VERONICA HULL

DRAMA

Liverpool Cold Shoulder

IF A TELEVISION play can establish three or four characters, a central situation, and a place, it is enough. Complicated plot or elaborate machinery of illusion are by no means essential. After the first few minutes of *Jack's Horrible Luck* by Henry Livings (August 14), I had forgotten about studios, cameras, and the clutter of ingenuity which is distracting in plays with no blood in them, and was deeply concerned with the reception which the young sailor, Jack (Barry Foster) was going to get from Liverpool.

Jack's vulnerable eagerness to like and be liked, to enjoy himself and find friends on a long-wanted night ashore supplied all the expectation needed for plot. His grumbling old shipmate's roscate memory of 'Uncle Joe's'—a homelike café generous to lonely sailors—set the trap neatly. The older sailor (Michael Golden) turned cautious and withdrew his dream with a richly painful snarl about his own real home—'her ma and pa and 'er smiling away with her pot teeth like alligators'. Bursts of unliterary rhetoric of that sort are commoner in our streets and pubs than in our theatres—if you forget O'Casey.

I was afraid for a while that 'Uncle Joe's' was a symbolic illusion to be searched for as Godot was waited for. But Jack's offering of conversation and drink was developed with realism of talk and behaviour. The initial cold-shouldering and suspicion were not overdone; and though the story had a nightmarish quality so has the cold uncharitableness of any great city towards strangers.

The meths-drinking buskers he tagged on to were at first over-fantastic in their fear and aggression, but were made normal people by the cautious benevolence of the police they cursed and ran from. Fred the dancer (Wilfrid Brambell), with his hospitable offer of pig's trotters and his princely giving away of his special comic dancing shoes, was a grotesque eccentric, but not crazed or a freakish eccentric. There was consistency—call it pompously a life-pattern—in a begging comedian being deeply hurt if he is really laughed at. His care for his dignity and privacy were touching as well as absurd. And his slum room where he complained of being bullied and spied on—'I can hear her falling about laughing at the daft things I say to meself. I don't like that'—was plainly a safe port for a shaky vessel. It was clear that Fred knew how to get himself liked and looked after.

His protesting and prying landlady, Mrs. Keller (Barbara New), another lost soul, was impressive in her virago defence of her lodgers against policemen, and convincing in the ferocity she produced out of fear that her kindness might be exploited. The discovery that 'Uncle Joe's' had ceased to be a sailors'

paradise because it wasn't profitable was something of an anticlimax after the sending away of Jack from Fred's home. But the stranger in the empty street who knew about Joe's history but maliciously let the lost sailor find his own disillusion made a great impact. It was right to end the play in silences and mild puzzlement after the talk and excitement. The final quiet 'What's wrong with people?' was sufficient moral and sermon.

Henry Livings has proved himself to have a considerable gift for farce, for observation of exceptional ordinary people, and for creating a compelling mood and atmosphere. He was well served by the cast and by his producer. Whether the place presented was Liverpool or only a fancied suburb of hell I will not guess. It was a place we will not easily forget.

A Schoolboy's Hero by Owen Holder (August 17) moved slowly and rather obviously while a fluent villain (Ray Brooks) victimized his shy and confiding next-door neighbour (Hugh Lloyd) and won the heart of a boy (Kenneth Nash) with boasts and lies. It improved greatly when the victim knew he had been fooled but refused to denounce the bogus hero to his son. This obstinacy in the meek was subtly managed. The people, including minor characters like a garage man, were played quietly and convincingly and their clothes and houses fitted. The story, however, was too thin.

Einfach Lächerlich, a 'Golden Rose' programme (August 17) was a set of good traditional music-hall acts which raised no language problems. Wasta is a clown of quality and his earnest drunk in pursuit of balloons was beautifully timed from anxiety to triumph. But even the best eccentric comics, acrobats, and slapstick merchants on the model of silent films pall in quantity.

Of the packaged film series which are always with us the last *Jack Benny Show* (August 17) was painfully empty. Benny's conspicuous non-expenditure may have been funny once but he really could do with another joke. The show was followed by a staggering list of credits and part



Barry Foster (left) as Jack and Wilfred Brambell as Fred in *Jack's Horrible Luck*

of the original American closing announcement which someone had apparently forgotten to trim. In contrast the *Bob Hope Show* (August 18) was genuinely witty and original, and moved smoothly and fast.

FREDERICK LAWS

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Comedy of Age

CHRISTOPHER HOLME faced a difficult task when he adapted Muriel Spark's *Memento Mori* (Third, August 14). The book contains so much well-observed dialogue that cries out to be heard and it must have been hard for him to decide on the things to be left out. He hit upon the device of having the events of the book remembered through the minds of Jean Taylor and her old friend Dr. Alec Warner. Relative to the other characters they certainly possess a degree of objectivity, but from the point of the author and of the reader their belief in their role as observers is part of the human comedy that Miss Spark succeeds in presenting. Like the others they cannot accept that they also have to die, and though I cannot offer an alternative method of presentation I have to regret that this brave attempt at dramatization measured failure against the full spate of the novel. It was nevertheless a good thing to hear. Miss Spark's aged characters speak and think in a manner which is nearer to life than the imaginings which fashion has recently put into the heads of the old and the dying. While others, writing with the abhorrence of youth or middle age for the evening of life, have concentrated on senile misery, Miss Spark makes her characters speak and think in a manner which is consonant with their earlier lives. They regard death as a preposterous intervention. She sees them surrounded by a life of trivia and driven by habit and convention into an attempt to make rational sense out of their existence until the mysterious telephone caller jolts them into a realization of death.



Ray Brooks (behind) as Alec Ross and Kenneth Nash as Ian Wrigg in *A Schoolboy's Hero*

In this I am sure she is nearer the truth about the attitude of the aged towards death than some of those who have recently employed senile decay to display their philosophical conclusions. Her prattlers are heroic and there is something brave and true in their persistent belief in the possibility of others' deaths but never of their own. Fay Compton played Jean Taylor, and Geoffrey Wincott played Dr. Alec Warner. It was nice to hear Baliol Holloway as Godfrey Colston and Barbara Couper as Dame Lettie.

After fanfares the National Theatre of the Air has settled down to a series of re-broadcasts of previous productions. It was good to hear again Peter Watts's production of Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Home, August 13) which in itself may be regarded as a classic. It contains Gielgud's John Worthing and Edith Evans's triumphant Lady Bracknell. Angela Baddeley and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies make as much of Cicely and Gwendolen Fairfax as any actresses have managed. But it would have been pleasant to have heard the series breaking new ground. Several of the plays which are to follow have also been heard before and, though their productions were as memorable as this one was, it is a pity that the series has so soon to depend upon the proved and the known. Lest I be accused of a poor spirit I must hasten to add that Wilde's artistry is always worthy of our attention. His situations are mannered and redolent with the scents of a bygone age but his wit defies time and his stage technique is flawless. Alongside Miss Spark's reminder *Memento Mori*, any young dramatist should write up on the wall that Wilde wrote the play in three days. This fact alone should humble.

The era and atmosphere of London's early suburbs seems to fascinate the programme planners, who select Saturday-night plays. Cynthia Pughe's adaptation of Ronald Barnes's *Sweet Sorrow* (Home, August 12) once more explored the territory. Into the respectability which has now become a cliché of the style a young governess explodes with a knowledge of the past of the pompous Mr. Chesney. To be free of her and of his wife who stands in the way of his social advancement he murders his wife and contrives to implicate the governess. But the governess is left winning as the curtain falls. This was a better play than many of the lace-curtain and gaslight dramas but once again there was much dependence on atmosphere and period for its own sake.

I began listening to *The Big Hewer* (Home, August 18) with the hope that this legend of of the eighteen-stone miner with not a spare piece of flesh on him would be closely followed. But the piece extended into a portrait of miners and mining conditions in general. Miners are quiet, unassuming people, and one of the problems that Charles Parker and Ewan MacColl were faced with was the extent to which they shun dramatization. Some of the songs were attractive but others were monotonous and there were moments when the miners ought to have been left to speak their dignified words in silence. A miner's wife said at one moment: 'My man died of dust,' which was moving and laconic, but the words were underscored with a tiresome guitar and the effect was cheapened.

Mr. Parker and Mr. MacColl have good intentions and an eye for the poetry that lies in the Peacock and Plessey seams, but there were moments when they reminded me of over-zealous news reporters trying to force victims of disasters into making good quotes. Left to themselves and without background music the miners would, I think, have told their story better. Their pith and quiet pride were submerged in the interests of dramatization.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



Cuba and Berlin

IF THERE is harmony in discord, and man by nature is a political animal, then both Horace and Aristotle would think our world was almost perfect. Almost. Two major political issues were dealt with last week on the radio—Cuba and Berlin.

On Tuesday, August 15, in the Third Programme, Mrs. Joan Robinson talked of her visit to Cuba [the text of her talk will be found on page 265]. We have become used to the familiar picture of Fidel Castro with beard, bush-jacket and peak-cap, striding through the countryside issuing orders and seizing property. We have also read the newspaper headlines claiming 'Castro Goes Communist'. This, according to Mrs. Robinson, is the American opinion, which she feels is wrong. Castro is not considered a dictator but a liberator. Cuba is now hard-working, happy with its new regime, content without elections. Many problems seem to have been satisfactorily solved—exports, education, health, and agriculture. Yet one always has the feeling that this has been done with more than a little help from the U.S.S.R. In fact, Mrs. Robinson sharply reminded us that Russia adroitly stepped in when America put an embargo on a shipment of lard to Cuba. In a state of emergency, the communists are always at hand and we in the West are deliberately leaving the door open for them.

Mrs. Robinson's talk was interesting and unusual. She described the students, going out into the countryside in their thousands to teach the peasants to read and write. It is all too easy to imagine the fervour behind this revolution. It has a little of the romance once attached to the Spanish Civil War. Perhaps we can even expect a flourishing of literary and artistic talent under the inspiration of the youthful Castro. At the end of this talk, I felt very tempted to fly to Cuba and sample this paradise of sun without censorship, tyranny, or formality. Only one thing deterred me—those beautiful Cuban girls dressed in militia uniform! Shades of Big Brother lurking behind those warm, liquid eyes would rather spoil the illusion.

A quick change from the sun to the sombre concrete blocks of East Berlin. In 'Matters of Moment' (Home Service, August 17), we heard a panel of five speakers, representing America and Britain, discuss the different attitudes of both countries to the Berlin question. Lord Boothby spoke of the unification, or rather the non-unification of Germany. On a recent tour of the Iron Curtain countries he found general agreement on this point. A united Germany would be dangerous. Their technical progress alone, in the last fifteen years, is astounding. Their determination to rise from the ashes of their own folly is as fanatical as was their adherence to the Führer in 1939. All five speakers agreed we should not rush in on this issue. According to Mr. Sander Vanocur, speaking from the White House, it was a matter of 'timing'. Time, certainly, has been the vital factor in the subtle moves made by the communists. For many years it has been obvious that the world would eventually be divided into two—East and West, but not a Kiplingesque version. Perhaps Mr. Khrushchev feels that this is a testing time for both sides. How long can the West restrain themselves from making the first move? Has he chosen this particular issue because it is so delicate and complex? The battle between Christianity and communism has to begin somewhere. Even in British Guiana the march of communism is looked on 'as the inevitable fulfilment of civilization'. Communism is attractive; it is relatively young. Where Christianity offers only words, the under-

developed countries cannot resist the generous aid from the East.

An almost religious fervour is spread amongst such converts. Work, not religion, has become the opium of the people; simply because the communist ideal of working for a reward appeals to a materialist society. Ploughing the land may seem menial, but not when the reward is a planned economy and a higher standard of living. Communism and Christianity have a great deal in common. But with all its attractive propositions, communism lacks the one essential factor without which man cannot exist—love. Christianity should have filled man's needs. There would be no Red terror if Christianity would shake itself out of its torpor, adapt itself to scientific progress and be what it is supposed to be—the driving force behind the people.

Mr. Robert Baldick is to be congratulated on his literary portrait, 'Victor Hugo, Alas' (Third Programme, August 16). Mr. Baldick tried to explain the inconsistencies in Hugo's character—the great man of letters and the political turncoat. How does one explain the duality in man? This was an excellent attempt, but one which only added further mystery to the nature of man.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



Schönberg and Others

'NOT WITH a bang but a whimper', said T. S. Eliot in his desperate description of the end of the world. I don't know whether Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*, completed in 1911, closes an era or proclaims a new one—who are we to say?—but it was certainly with a resounding bang that it opened the Edinburgh Festival (Third, August 20). Whether because of the thrilling performance under Stokowski or because one has had time to come to terms with its empurpled romanticism, I found myself much less disturbed by its obvious Wagnerian associations. Of course it was written in the shadow of Wagner. No music written in central Europe at that time could possibly escape the Wagnerian domination. The point is not whether Wagner is recalled in one passage or another, but whether there is a deeper, fertilizing influence enabling the composer, by laying himself bare to the Wagnerian onslaught, to become himself. I think there is something of this root communion, and I see now what Schönbergians mean when they regard the *Gurrelieder* as a key work. Here, already, are those terrifyingly wide intervals of the later works, the lush harmonies, the maze of inner parts, and also, of course, that exacerbated sensibility and borderline hysteria which not everyone can take in large doses.

Stokowski's performance, with a splendid quintet of soloists among whom James McCracken and Gre Brouwenstijn were ideal as Waldemar and Tove, was announced as in a version for reduced orchestra by Erwin Stein. Following this concert opera, as it has been appropriately named, with the original forty-eight-stave score, I was not aware in the heavier textures of any noticeable diluting. The great hunt scene was magnificent, but there were times, particularly in the choral passages, where I was reminded of the procedure of certain painters. Dissatisfied with an overlaid texture, they simply go for the canvas with a palette knife, scraping off layers of green and gold and blue until you can sometimes see patches of the bare canvas. I fancy the more ardent followers of Schönberg would be horrified at applying any such procedure to the score of the *Gurrelieder*, and certainly Mr. Stein appears only timidly to have eliminated a superfluous line here and there.

It so happened that earlier in the week the

exemplary clarity of the French orchestrators was displayed at the Promenade Concerts in Debussy's *Images* (Home, August 14) and *Nocturnes* (Home, August 16), and in Ravel's Piano Concerto (Home, August 14). This was played with wonderful verve and vivacity by Yvonne Lefebvre. John Pritchard secured a creditable performance of *Images* with the London Symphony Orchestra, and George Hurst did well with the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra in *Nuages* and *Fêtes*.

I find it illuminating to compare these well-known French works with the *Gurrelieder* of roughly the same period. The justly prized clarity of the French is achieved in the

advanced orchestral works of Debussy and Ravel by a sophisticated technique of understatement. You expect a blare from a trombone and you hear a ripple on the flute. The technique also works inversely. Instead of a delicate pizzicato you are ironically jolted by a thud on the bass drum. Taking a long view of these French and German masterpieces of the golden decline of our musical civilization, I would agree that an excessive use of understatement can be as exasperating in its way as the heaviest Teutonic sledge-hammering. The French are inclined to evaporate in preciosity, the Germans dig further and further until they become entangled in their own roots.

Do I seem unnecessarily pessimistic? I think not. It is good from time to time to reach out *au-dessus de la mêlée* in the hope of seeing the rapidly changing musical scene in proportion. Debussy and Ravel we know, or are beginning to know, but the later Schönberg, boldly featured in the coming Edinburgh Festival programmes, is still for many of us a closed book, and we shall need to keep a clear head. Perhaps after a few weeks we may look at Eliot again and see whether he is right about our all going down with a whimper and not a bang—or whether, as we may still hope, he was not utterly mistaken from the start.

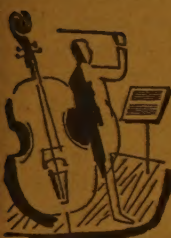
EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Janáček without Words

By GERALD ABRAHAM

'Taras Bulba' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, August 30 (Home). Janáček's opera

'Mr. Brouček's Excursions' will be broadcast at the same time on Sunday, August 27 (Third)



ONE TENDS TO THINK of Leoš Janáček as essentially an opera composer, at any rate as essentially a vocal composer. The works by which he is best known are operas, or vocal works such as the *Glagolitic Mass* and the *Diary of One Who Vanished* (which is partly dramatic and intended for performance on a stage), and everyone who knows anything about him at all has heard of his habit of noting down the rhythms and quasi-intervals of speech and using these motives as thematic material. But, with the exception of three early failures, *Sárka*, *The Beginning of a Romance*, and *Destiny*, and his first great success—which we commonly know as *Jenůfa*—his operas all date from the last eleven years of his life. It is the long list of short choruses and part-songs which makes vocal music appear to bulk so large in his output.

On the other hand, it is true to say that Janáček was very often a dramatic composer even when he was writing purely instrumental music. No one has ever been farther than he from the old ideal of instrumental music as absolute music. Practically all his instrumental music, even the productions of his nonage, two suites and an Idyll for strings, was in some degree autobiographical: a record of both inner and outward life, a record in which, among other things, his reading and above all his love of Russian literature played a prominent part. Even his earliest preserved piano work, the variations written at Leipzig in 1880, was closely connected with his fiancée, Zdenka Schulzová; they were privately known as 'Zdenčí's variations'. There were other 'Zdenčí' compositions.)

This practice of instrumental autobiography distinguishes him sharply among his compatriots from his hero Dvořák and links him with Smetana and Fibich, with whom he had little else in common. Dvořák wrote absolute music even when he was trying to compose an opera, whereas Smetana poured out his grief for a lost child in a piano trio, looked back on episodes of past happiness in one string quartet, and gave us glimpses of his terrible inner world, isolated by total deafness and shadowed by approaching insanity, in another; while Fibich in his *Moods, Impressions and Reminiscences*—a vast collection of short, dated piano-pieces—has left us the nearest approach to a true diary-in-music that we possess. In spirit, perhaps, Janáček is nearest to Fibich; but whereas Fibich wrote in the conventional musical language of nineteenth-century romanticism,

Janáček set everything down in that remarkable lapidary, aphoristic style which is his and his only.

Nor have Janáček's pages of autobiography anything in common with the subjective broodings of the nineteenth-century romantics. The piano-pieces of the well-known set *Along an Overgrown Path* are records of moods, probably of specific incidents, but everything is recollected in tranquillity, with detachment. And Fibich would never have written such a work as the *Sonata 1.x.1905 (From the street)*—of which only two movements survive, 'Premonition' and 'Death'—recording the shooting by Austrian troops of an unarmed workman, František Pavlík, during a patriotic demonstration at Brno on October 1, 1905. The wind sextet *Youth* (1925) opens with a characteristic piece of vocal-music-without-words when first the oboe, then the flute, cries 'Mládi! Zlaté mládi!' ('Youth! Golden youth!') before the seventy-year-old composer recalls, with hardly a shade of nostalgia, his boyhood in the eighteenth-sixties at the monastery at Staré Brno. The whole work really grew out of the third movement—which in its original form was a 'March of the Bluethroats' for piccolo, glockenspiel and tambourine: 'The choirboys of the Monastery rejoice. [In their uniforms] they are blue as *modráčci* [bluethroated warblers]', the composer noted. Needless to say, none of these clues appears in the score of the sextet—which had two similarly autobiographical sequels in the Concertino for piano, three winds and three strings (1925) and the Capriccio for piano (left hand only) and seven winds (1926).

The Concertino, like the Second String Quartet ('Intimate Letters'), directly reflects the old man's passion for the nearly forty years younger Kamila Stösslová. Here, particularly in the Quartet, the expression is immediate enough; but it is dramatic, realistic, not idealized. Again, in the third movement of the Quartet, there is at least one verbally inspired theme. Except as regards the medium, the Quartet might be four fragments from one of Janáček's operas. It is indeed less 'romantic', more dramatic, than its predecessor—inspired by Tolstoy's *The Kreutzer Sonata*, as was an earlier trio of which some of the material was used again in the Quartet. But here too there is a dramatic theme, perhaps with an autobiographical significance. 'I had in mind', wrote Janáček, 'an unfortunate woman, suffering, beaten, ill-treated, just as Tolstoy describes her in his *Kreutzer Sonata*'. But this theme of the suffering woman was a

favourite one, recurring again and again in his work—in *Jenůfa*, in the projected opera on *Anna Karenina* (for which he wrote his own libretto with Russian text), in the opera he actually based on Ostrovsky's *Storm (Katya Kabanova)*. It obviously had some peculiar significance for him.

The persistence of subjects drawn from Russian literature also had an autobiographical significance. For the Czechs and Slovaks, unlike the Poles, Russia has never been the hereditary enemy; on the contrary she was the big sister to whom they looked—long in vain—for deliverance from the Austrian and Hungarian oppressors. It was not by chance that Janáček turned again and again to Tolstoy and Ostrovsky—he also contemplated an opera on Tolstoy's play *The Living Corpse*—and based his last opera on Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead*. And the finest of his purely orchestral works, the 'Slavonic rhapsody' *Taras Bulba*, was not inspired purely by admiration of Gogol's story as literature.

Taras Bulba was conceived during the first world war and completed on March 29, 1918, when Russia's fortunes were near their lowest ebb—and (ironically) not long before the Czech Legionaries had to fight their way home through the Bolsheviks by way of Siberia. The key to Janáček's composition lies in the last words of the old ruffian Cossack hero, caught at last by the Poles and burned alive. Janáček himself wrote to Richard Vesely: 'It was not because he killed his own son for treachery to his people (first part: the battle of Dubno); not because of the torture-death of his other son (second part: the agony of Warsaw); but because of the words spoken by him amid the flames (third part and conclusion)—that "no fire, no torture exists on earth that could break the strength of the Russian people"—that I composed this rhapsody based on Gogol's story'. Here again is instrumental drama: not in the sense of thematic conflict ending in a victory or a reconciliation, but three orchestral scenes from an unwritten opera. And I surmise that somewhere among Janáček's papers one might find a basic theme fitting Taras's last words, either in the original Russian or in Czech, from which the material of the whole rhapsody was derived.

The prospectus is now available for the 1961-62 season of symphony concerts by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall, beginning on October 4. It may be obtained from the Hall, agents, or B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. Booking opens one month before each concert.

Autumn in the Rock Garden

By WILL INGWERSEN

EVEN AS LATE as August it is possible to place in the rock garden pot-grown plants which will flower during the autumn. Almost the first choice of any rock gardener is a gentian of some sort, even though some of them are rather temperamental. There is no blue so true as the blue of a gentian flower, and it is wrong to suppose them all to be spring flowering. *Gentiana sino-ornata* begins to open its deep blue trumpets in early September, and provides a sheet of vivid colour from then until early November—and even later in open winters. It is one of the easiest of all gentians to grow unless the soil happens to contain lime. If this is so, *Gentiana sino-ornata* is not for you, and you must content yourself with the only slightly less decorative *Gentiana septemfida*, which is a little earlier flowering and offers you lovely clustered heads of deep blue flowers.

A splendid companion for blue gentians is the trailing knotweed, *polygonum vacinifolium*, whose sprays of deep-heather-pink flowers are a delight from August until October. It is an undemanding plant, easily pleased in any well-drained soil, and flourishes in sun or light shade. Plant with it a few bulbs of autumn flowering *crocus*

speciosus and you will create a picture of unforgettable beauty, for the goblet-shaped crocus blossoms are deep purple-blue, with brilliant anthers of flashing crimson in their throats.

If you plant in a sunny crevice a few roots of *sedum cauticola*, a late flowering Japanese stonecrop, you will make an investment which will pay an annually increasing dividend of beauty. Its trailing, woody stems are clothed

with fleshy grey-green leaves, and end in rounded heads of closely packed deep-crimson red flowers.

Rock garden plants are second to none in their eagerness to play a prominent part in the pageantry of autumn and many of the late-flowering kinds have brilliantly coloured flowers. None is more spectacular than the so-called Californian fuchsia, which has to endure the

rather cumbersome name of *zauschneria Californica*. There is no better plant for a position in full blazing sunshine and it flourishes in even the poorest of soil. Erect stems, twelve inches long, are clothed with narrow leaves felted with grey hairs and the innumerable tubular flowers are splendidly scarlet. Grow it together with a silver-leaved artemisia, such as *artemisia lanata*.

Everyone likes pansies, and there is a delightful miniature alpine one, known as *viola Macedonica*, which never fails to please and flowers with complete abandon from May until November. It is short-lived, but seeds itself amiably about. The leaves form neat tufts of dark green which are surmounted by flowers of royal-purple with an underlying hint of red.—'In Your Garden'

(Network Three)



Autumn flowering *crocus speciosus*

Bridge Forum

Hands from the European Championships—VII

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



The European Bridge Championship will be held in Torquay, beginning on September 24. In a series of articles, famous hands from previous European Championships are being discussed.

THE MAIN POINT of controversy in the world of international bridge, comparable to the quality of the pitch at Lord's, is whether the artificial systems used by some teams, notably the Italians and French, should be allowed. It is, of course, possible to master these systems sufficiently to play against them, and the leading teams do make that effort. Even so, it is a considerable strain on the concentration to play against opponents whose bids seldom mean what they say, and it is probably no accident that Britain has often been ahead of Italy at half-time in recent years but has fallen off in the second half.

The match in Oslo in 1958 was typical in this respect. Britain led by seven international match points after the first half but lost by thirteen at the finish. We were, as a matter of fact, lucky in a way to lose only two match points on this deal: Dealer, East; Game all:

NORTH		WEST		EAST	
♠ K 7		♠ —		♠ J 9 6 5	
♥ A J 5		♥ Q 10 9 3		♥ K 8 6	
♦ K		♦ A J 10 7 6 2		♦ Q 9 8 4	
♣ A K J 8 6 4 3		♣ 10 5 2		♣ 9 7	
SOUTH		NORTH		SOUTH	
♠ A Q 10 8 4 3 2		♠ —		♠ J 9 6 5	
♥ 7 4 2		♥ Q 10 9 3		♥ K 8 6	
♦ 5 3		♦ A J 10 7 6 2		♦ Q 9 8 4	
♣ Q		♣ 10 5 2		♣ 9 7	

The Italian North-South pair were using weak Two bids. Although they used no artificial calls their bidding was not easy to understand:

SOUTH	NORTH
D'Alelio	Chiaradia
2S	3C
3S	5S
6S	

South's Two Spades showed a maximum of 12-13 points and a strong suit. The message of

North's Five Spades (produced after several minutes' cogitation) was presumably that there were not two losers in either of the unbid suits. As to South's Six Spades, perhaps the queen of clubs was the deciding card. At any rate, it was a fine contract and well judged, if unorthodox, bidding.

South had no luck in the play, however. West led the ace of diamonds, and East, observing the spade situation, encouraged loudly with the nine. A second diamond forced dummy to ruff, and then East's spade jack could not be picked up.

Britain could have gained points by playing in Four Spades instead of Six, but a different answer was found:

SOUTH	NORTH
M. Harrison Gray	A. Truscott
No	3NT
No	

Three No Trumps, in the Acol system, is a tactical bid generally based on a solid minor suit and some protection in at least two other suits. North was much criticized for choosing the bid fourth in hand, with a suit that was not even solid, but it was not so unreasonable a call.

A Guide to Kitchen Gadgets—II

KAY SMALLSHAW on practical, inexpensive 'extras'



'WILL IT GET much use?' is a good question to ask oneself when considering anything more than bare necessities for the kitchen. So much depends on the kind and amount of cooking done and the methods of the cook.

For parsley and mint an ingenious little rotary chopper of French design is amazingly efficient. It costs only a few shillings and is quick and easy to wash. Cheese grating becomes equally simple with a rotary grater of the same make. This little gadget deals also with suet, candied peel and nuts; but breadcrumbs, raw vegetables and nutmeg, not to mention orange- and lemon-rind, call for a plain, upright grater. Plastic ones are scarcely sharp enough, though the versatile, three-fold tin ones have a nasty knack of grating the fingers, too. Box graters in stainless steel cost much more but give good results.

If shredded raw vegetables are a favourite item in your menus, but scarcely otherwise, another, more expensive, French-designed small machine is worth while. Similarly, if you enjoy sieved greens, fruits, and other purées, a *moulinette*, or rotary sieve, costing rather more than the shredder, will pay its way. It can deal also with cooked meat. A plastic or aluminium colander for washing and draining green-stuffs and fruit of all kinds is almost a necessity; and the preparation of a green salad is simplified if a 'shaker' is added. Polythene ones are suitable.

Described as a 'pan converter', an adaptable small trivet, pressed from tinplate and with wire sides, can be a boon: cheaper to buy and handier to store than an ordinary top-of-the-pan

steamer it stands inside the saucepan to cook or heat up foil-wrapped vegetables, meat, fish, even 'duffs'.

For making sauces and custards, blending batters, stirring heavy pudding mixtures and jam-making, wooden spoons excel. Long-handled boxwood ones are best for stirring; ordinary large ones for the other jobs. All are modestly priced, but to find boxwood spoons except at specialist shops catering for chefs may not be easy.

Pastry-making calls for special tools. With a clean plastic work-top a pastry board can be dispensed with, but not a rolling pin. Choice includes plain wooden, the dearer earthenware or glass with wooden handles, and also hollow aluminium ones for filling with ice cubes or water. Results depend more upon the use than the pin. A pastry-blender, consisting of parallel steel wires held by a wooden handle, does a good job of 'rubbing in' the fat, and avoids getting finger-tips caked with the floury mixture. Nylon-bristled pastry brushes last well and are invaluable for greasing tins as well as for brushing-over pies.

For dealing with meat bones a kitchen saw is invaluable; but a small vegetable scraper that fixes to the tap and saves fingers from being stained will often prove a more practical purchase. 'Chipping' raw potatoes stains hands too. A chipper largely avoids this, while speeding the work, but with cheaper makes the razor-like slicer may be too flimsy to last. Much the same applies with a bean-slicer, so will the use justify the outlay for a more expensive one?

Gadgets for shaping potato crisps, vegetable

balls, and so on are not expensive, but washing them up is fiddling, and they all take up room. Fancy knives, butter curlers, and the various lifters, turners, mashers, and creamers that tempt the eye are found helpful in one kitchen but can be a complete loss in another.

Notes on Contributors

NORMAN GIBBS (page 263): Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford University; editor of the second edition of *Berriedale Keith's British Cabinet System*

JOAN ROBINSON, F.B.A. (page 265): Reader in Economics, Cambridge University; author of *Essay on Marxian Economics*, *Collected Economic Papers*, etc.

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 271): has been appointed Director of Studies, Royal Institute of International Affairs, from October; author of *British Economic Policy Since the War and Attack on World Poverty*

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GLANVILLE WILLIAMS (page 275): Reader in English Law, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Jesus College; author of *The Proof of Guilt*, *The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law*, etc.

BERNARD BERGONZI (page 284): poet; Assistant Lecturer, English Language and Literature, Manchester University; author of *Descartes and the Animals*

GERALD ABRAHAM (page 293): James and Constance Alsop Professor of Music, Liverpool University; author of *Eight Soviet Composers*, *Rimsky-Korsakov*; co-editor (with Dom Anselm Hughes) of *The New Oxford History of Music*, Vol. III, etc.

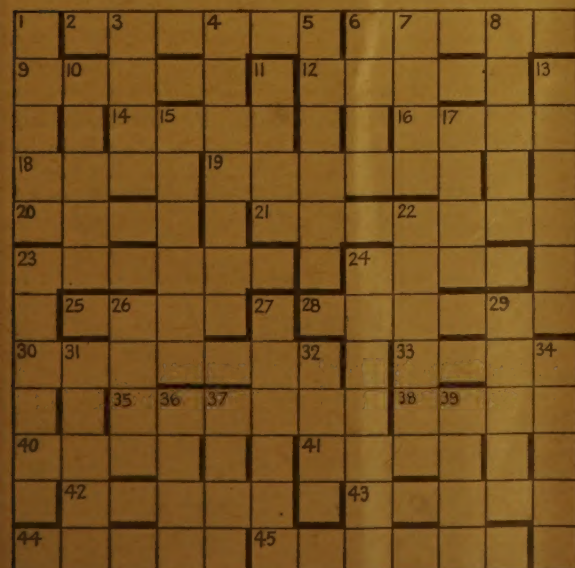
Crossword No. 1,630.

Heads and Tails.

By Pimlico

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 31. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The initial letter of a word to be put in the diagram can in eight cases be removed and still leave a word. The clues to these words contain definitions of the whole word and the word with the initial letter removed. The eight initial letters can be re-arranged to form a plural noun. The terminal letter can, similarly, in eight other cases, be removed, and these eight terminal letters can be re-arranged to form an adverb. Competitors must send in both the plural noun and the adverb with their diagram. All other clues contain one or two definitions.

CLUES—ACROSS

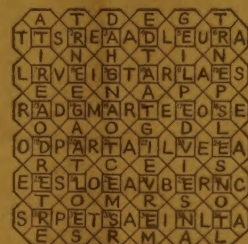
- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 2. Flower permit | 25. Death piece |
| 6. Radical friend | 28. Colour slice |
| 9. Female Indian | 30. Flowering shrub |
| 12. Turkish decree | 33. Soft brick |
| 14. Stipend coin | 35. Inactive present |
| 16. Mineral box | 38. Vocal strain |
| 18. Comb card | 40. Continually recorded |
| 19. Lest cover | 41. Prickly pear |
| 20. Chief title | 42. Cut-back magistrate |
| 21. Superior accompaniment | 43. Sixteen fourteens |
| 23. Open dish | 44. Travelled wear |
| 24. Slang vessel | 45. Topical down-beats |

DOWN

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Cross manner | 5. Cloth roller |
| 3. Table talk | 6. Sunken space |
| 4. Mild emollient | 7. Scottish servant |

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 8. Curdle desire | 26. Clay recess |
| 10. Peculiar charm | 27. Face commission |
| 11. Border also | 29. Chosen flower |
| 13. Cavity estimator | 31. Incubator flutter |
| 15. Marine worm | 32. Pismire pilaster |
| 17. Fur hammer-head | 34. Bird hair |
| 22. Transatlantic alligator | 36. Waterless jejune |
| 23. Analyse Indian | 37. Telling number |
| 24. Conclude discussion | 39. Refuse division |

Solution of No. 1,628



NOTES

1. SITTA: Poona-type pun on SITTER. 2. TERNS or STERN. 3. A HEAD. 4. DELTA (3 definitions). 5. GUI-LE. 6. ARNUT (Anagram of a TURN). 7. LIVER or LIVRE. 8. NIE-VE. 9. NIGHT=anag. of TIN+HG. 10. ATTAR=RAITA(4) rev. 11. PRIAL or APRIL. 12. PEANS or PANES. 13. ADORE or O-READ. 14. MAD-GE. 15. ROMAN ('All roads lead to Rome'). 16. G-R-ATE. 17. EP(ISO)DE. 18. SLOPE (2 definitions) or LOPES. 19. DROOP=POOR D (rev.). 20. A PIE or TART. 21. CROAT=ACTOR (anag.). 22. AG-I-L-E. 23. DEVL=LIVED (rev.). 24. LEASE or EASEL. 25. STEER or ESTER (pun on ESTHER). 26. TOOLS or STOOL. 27. CAME-O (Polytechnic, cinema). 28. BRAVE (see the poem 'The Star-spangled Banner'). 29. BIRS or BIRSE. 30. CORNS or S-CO-RN. 31. PREST(0). 32. PO-E-TS. 33. SMART or MARTS. 34. MARIE (girl or semi-sweet biscuit). 35. SLAIN=ANILS (anag.). 36. A L-L-OT.

1st prize: G. C. Brown (Darlington); 2nd prize: F. E. Dixon (Rosslare Harbour); 3rd prize: W. Oldham (London, N.4)

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Session 1961-2 commences on Monday, 25th September. New students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on the 19th September. (Former students, 18th September, 5 p.m.-8 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Director of Education.

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